THE NEW DISCOVERY.
Reports copied from our Daily Record of the wonderful effects of
BATTIS' MODIFIED EXTRACT — OF — Denicotized Tobacco.
1500 more cases to publish, and the evidence daily accumulating:
ALFRED TYLER, No. 4 Downing St., Salem, Mass. Nervous movements of a lame leg, could not control it at night; unable to sleep. Also troubled with Soriosis, a stinging sensation in certain parts of the body. Very much reduced. Under treatment more than a year without relief. Applied the Extract with a sponge and wet bandage for less than a week, and was entirely restored to health, gaining the past six months 30 lbs. in weight.
The son of Joel Peabody, 10 years of age, at No. 5 Union Place, Salem, Mass. Under treatment for bilious fever; had been sick for several days; was very feeble when the sun went down at 7 P. M. They applied a bandage wet with Extract across his forehead and closed eyes, when he fell into a profound sleep. At early morn, he was up playing around as well as ever. Mr. Peabody also cured his wife of a felon on the thumb by dressing it once with Extract.
CHARLES A. MUNSEY, No. 5 White St. Salem, Had his left foot badly injured by a horse stepping upon it; it was much swollen and very painful; he was unable to walk, and could not sleep at night. His wife brought him to our store and bathed his foot with the Extract 20 minutes, then applied a bandage wet with same; he then arose and walked with ease, and stamped his foot upon the floor with great force, to show witnesses standing by that the trouble had entirely disappeared.
Mrs. JOSEPH STICKNEY, at the Willows, Salem, Had been sick for several days with a bad cold, using the common remedies in such cases without any relief. At 3 A. M., Sept. 16, became very sick, unable to breathe, when the family, much alarmed, applied the Extract to throat and breast; in one minute she experienced some relief; in ten minutes her respiration was as free as ever.
The Extract is for sale at No. 30 Front Street, Salem, Mass. AND BY ALL DRUGGISTS. JAMES H. BATTIS, Sole Proprietor.

Boston and Savannah Steamship Co.
Direct Line from Boston to Savannah
Connecting at Savannah with all rail lines to points in the South and Southwest, and with rail and steamer lines to all points in Florida.
The elegant new iron steamers of 2200 tons each, GATE CITY and CITY OF MACON, will sail regularly every Thursday, from Boston and Savannah. For freight or passage apply to W. H. RING, Nickerson's Wharf, Congress Street, Boston, Mass., or A. DeW. SAMPSON, 201 Washington Street, Boston. 13t46

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the subscribers has been duly appointed Executor of the last will and testament of SYLVANUS C. ROBINSON late of Sidney, in the County of Kennebec, deceased, testate, and has undertaken that trust by giving bond as the law directs: All persons, therefore, having demands against the estate of said deceased, are desired to exhibit the same for settlement; and all indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to 51* October 25, 1886. LORIN C. ROBINSON.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the subscriber has been duly appointed Administrator on the estate of OLIVE S. WHITTIER late of Readfield, in the County of Kennebec, deceased, intestate, and has undertaken that trust by giving bond as the law directs: All persons, therefore, having demands against the estate of said deceased, are desired to exhibit the same for settlement; and all indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to GEORGE S. BALLARD. October 25, 1886. 51*

KENNEBEC COUNTY....In Probate Court, held at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of October, 1886.
R. K. STUART, Guardian of JANE MIGNAULT of Belgrade, in said County, unsound mind, having presented his third account of Guardianship of said Ward for allowance:
ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the fourth Monday of November next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Probate Court then to be held at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the same should not be allowed. H. S. WEBSTER, Judge. Attest: HOWARD OWEN, Register. 51*

KENNEBEC COUNTY.—In Court of Probate held at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of October, 1886.
ANN M. BARROWS, Executrix of the last will and testament of ELISHA BARROWS, late of Augusta, in said County, deceased, having presented her first account as Executrix of said will for allowance:
ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the fourth Monday of November next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Court of Probate then to be holden at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the same should not be allowed. H. S. WEBSTER, Judge. Attest: HOWARD OWEN, Register. 51*

KENNEBEC COUNTY....In Probate Court, held at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of October, 1886.
ELIZA D. JONES, Administratrix on the estate of GEORGE W. JONES late of Augusta, in said County, deceased, have presented her first account of administration of said estate for allowance:
ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively, prior to the fourth Monday of November next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Court of Probate then to be holden at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the same should not be allowed. H. S. WEBSTER, Judge. Attest: HOWARD OWEN, Register. 51*

KENNEBEC COUNTY....In Probate Court, held at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of October, 1886.
A CERTAIN INSTRUMENT, purporting to be the last will and testament of WILLIAM FOSTER, late of Augusta, in said County, deceased, having been presented for probate:
ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the fourth Monday of November next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Court of Probate then to be holden at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the said instrument should not be proved, approved and allowed as the last will and testament of the said deceased. H. S. WEBSTER, Judge. Attest: HOWARD OWEN, Register. 51*

KENNEBEC COUNTY....In Probate Court at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of October, 1886.
A CERTAIN INSTRUMENT, purporting to be the last will and testament of MARY ANN PEASE, late of Vassalboro, in said County, deceased, having been presented for probate:
ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the fourth Monday of November next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Court of Probate then to be holden at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the said instrument should not be proved, approved and allowed as the last will and testament of the said deceased. H. S. WEBSTER, Judge. Attest: HOWARD OWEN, Register. 51*

KENNEBEC COUNTY....In Probate Court at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of October, 1886.
HENRY WOODWARD, Administrator on the Estate of SARAH B. C. WOODWARD late of Winthrop, in said County, deceased, having petitioned for license to sell the following real estate of said deceased, for the payment of debts, &c., viz: Undivided fourth part of three parcels real estate in Winthrop. Also share in Meadow lot on shore of Annebescook Lake.
ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the fourth Monday of November next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Probate Court then to be held at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted. H. S. WEBSTER, Judge. Attest: HOWARD OWEN, Register. 51*

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the subscriber has been duly appointed Executor of the last will and testament of ELBRIDGE G. CASWELL, late of Augusta, in the County of Kennebec, deceased, testate, and has undertaken that trust by giving bond as the law directs: All persons, therefore, having demands against the estate of said deceased, are desired to exhibit the same for settlement; and all indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to Nov. 8th, 1886. 1* HORACE C. CASWELL.

KENNEBEC COUNTY....In Probate Court, at Augusta, on the second Monday of November, 1886.
SOPHRONIA A. HOWE, Administratrix on the estate of ISAAC B. HOWE, late of Augusta, in said county deceased, having presented her first account of administration of said estate for allowance:
ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the second Monday of December next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Probate Court then to be held at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the same should not be allowed. H. S. WEBSTER, Judge. Attest: HOWARD OWEN, Register. 1*

KENNEBEC COUNTY....In Probate Court, at Augusta, on the second Monday of November, 1886.
Petitions having been presented for allowance out of the personal estates of S. N. Watson of Fayette, Mary S. Turner of Augusta, Geo. L. Drummond of Winslow, and Edward A. Parmeter of Hallowell, deceased:
ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the second Monday of December next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Court of Probate then to be holden at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the prayer of said petitions should not be granted. H. S. WEBSTER, Judge. Attest: HOWARD OWEN, Register. 1*

KENNEBEC COUNTY....In Probate Court, held at Augusta, on the second Monday of November, 1886.
GEORGE A. RUSSELL, Executor on the Estate of AURELIA PEIRCE late of Readfield, in said county, deceased, having petitioned for license to sell the following real estate of said deceased, for the payment of debts, etc., viz: The homestead farm, in said Readfield, containing about 80 acres, more or less:
ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the second Monday of December next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Court of Probate then to be holden at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted. H. S. WEBSTER, Judge. Attest: HOWARD OWEN, Register. 1*

KENNEBEC COUNTY....In Court of Probate, at Augusta, on the second Monday of November, 1886.
R. J. WHITAKER, Administrator on the estate of JAMES WHITAKER, late of Albion, in said county deceased, having presented his first account of administration of said estate for allowance:
ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively, prior to the second Monday of December next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Probate Court then to be held at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the same should not be allowed: H. S. WEBSTER, Judge. Attest: HOWARD OWEN, Register. 1*

KENNEBEC COUNTY....In Probate Court, at Augusta, on the second Monday of November, 1886.
DANIEL B. ABBOTT, Administrator on the estate of NATHANIEL PERCIVAL, late of Clinton, in said county deceased, having presented his first account of administration of said estate for allowance:
ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the second Monday of December next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Probate Court then to be held at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the same should not be allowed: H. S. WEBSTER, Judge. Attest: HOWARD OWEN, Register. 1*

SONGS 100 new and popular songs sent free to all who send 4 cents to pay postage. 100 pieces choice music 6 cts. Catalogue free. P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine. 6tf8

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Maine Farmer.

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VOL. LV. AUGUSTA, MAINE, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1886. No. 2.

Maine Farmer.

Officers Maine State Grange.

Master—FREDERICK ROBIE....Gorham
Overseer—E. H. GREGORY....Bangor
Lecturer—D. H. THING....West Mt. Vernon
Steward—T. H. SPRAGUE....Topsham
Assistant Steward—A. H. WHITMORE....Bucksport
Chaplain—O. J. HANCOCK....Saco
Treasurer—S. S. SMITH....Norway
Secretary—FRED A. ALLEN....East Auburn
Gate Keeper—G. M. DOUGLASS....Cornish
Ceres—MRS. FREDERICK ROBIE....Gorham
Pomona—MRS. D. M. HALL....Bangor
Flora—MRS. E. H. GREGORY....Hampden Corner
L. A. Steward—MRS. A. H. WHITMORE....Bucksport

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

T. B. HUNTER....Strong
J. W. LANG....Bowdoinham
NELSON HAM....Lewiston
W. H. GINN....Prospect Ferry

Farmers' Institutes have been appointed at Bryant's Pond, Tuesday, December 14th, and at South Paris Wednesday, the 15th.

Androscoggin Pomona Grange will hold its next meeting with Turner Grange, Wednesday, Dec. 1st.

The prices of butter and cheese are still tending upward. Dairymen ought to be happy.

Lorenzo Durgin of Acton, Me., raised one hundred bushels of potatoes from one-third of an acre, using Soluble Pacific Guano, with a small portion of stable manure; about 200 pounds were used on the piece.

There are now in store at Minneapolis, St. Paul and Duluth 11,207,324 bushels of wheat, making, with 21,746,000 bushels in country elevators, a total of 32,953,324 bushels of wheat now in store in Minnesota and Dakota.

Two hundred and one million shingles passed the Vanceboro station on the Maine Central Railroad going West in the year 1885. The usual load for a car is one hundred thousand. This would make two thousand and ten carloads in the year. Nearly all came from Aroostook county.

The Secretary of the Board of Agriculture is negotiating with Dr. Cressey of Hartford, Connecticut, for a series of lectures on diseases of cattle, to be given at Farmers' Institutes. The matter is one of increasing importance and may well claim a good measure of attention.

The article in the last issue of the *Farmer* on Grange Festivals is worthy of attention by all who are laboring for the permanence and the continued usefulness of the order. Mr. Lang, to use a homely expression, is putting some brains into his work as one of the executive officers. His suggestions may well receive a measure of attention at the coming session of the State Grange at Augusta, and a proper time should be set apart for the purpose.

Dr. Goessman of the Massachusetts Experimental Station, says that practical experience in feeding stock has so far advanced that it seems to need no further argument to accept it as a matter of fact, that the efficiency of a fodder ration in the dairy does not depend on the *mere presence* of more or less of certain prominent fodder articles, but on the presence of a proper quantity and a certain relative proportion of some prominent constituents of plants which are known to be essential for a successful support of the life and the special functions of the dairy cow.

If we are left behind by the energy and push manifested by the people out in the extreme West, who but our ourselves are to blame for it? In Denver a city ordinance imposes a license of $500 per year upon dealers in oleomargarine, whether wholesale or retail. And it is proposed to collect this license in addition to the $480 license fee demanded by the general government of wholesale dealers and $48 per year of retail dealers. If this can be done it will go a great way toward closing the market of that city to the "stuff," and if Denver can impose this sort of city license every other municipality may do the same, and the control of the whole business is right in hand.

Prof. Arnold, the eminent dairyman, writes in the Canadian *Farmers' Advocate* that farmers place entirely too high an estimate upon the value of permanent pastures. Such pastures, he believes, can only be defended in the case of land unsuitable for anything else, or when farmers have more land than they can till. This is just the reason why we should hold to our pasturage. The lands are cheap and the feed furnished is the cheapest keep, so far as it goes, that can be furnished our stock. The idea sometimes advocated by theoretical farmers of deserting these cheap pastures and relying wholly upon cultivated crops is the highest nonsense on the cheap lands of this State.

The solution of the cattle disease problem at Chicago has not yet been reached. What the final outcome may be cannot now be even guessed. Some of the owners of the large distillery herds have recently signified a willingness to have their cattle prized and destroyed and trust to the next legislature for reimbursement. It is possible this may be the course taken. But even in this there is encountered the unforeseen obstacles of disposing of so many carcasses with no special provisions of law for doing it. Meanwhile considerable numbers of cattle are dying of the disease, and new cases of affected herds are being discovered in the vicinity. The report of the appearance of the disease in Clinton and Jasper counties has not been confirmed up to the present time.

An Aroostook farmer has been feeding damaged starch to hogs with good results. It was wet up with scalding water and mixed with meal. The hogs fed upon the mixture made rapid gain. Raw potatoes fed to hogs or stock of any kind are not considered rich food, yet well ripened potatoes contain some fifteen or sixteen per cent. of starch. If this starch were digestible in the raw state as found in the potato, it ought to respond when fed to animals. There is an opinion among observing feeders that cooked potatoes are far more nutritious than in a raw state. This we believe has never been tested so as to become a recorded fact, but may be true nevertheless. It would be an interesting experiment for the station to determine the relative feeding value of raw and cooked potatoes.

Aroostook Farming.

County Farmers' Institutes were held in Aroostook county according to previous notice, Nov. 10th, at Houlton, and at Blaine the 12th. While in attendance on these institutes an opportunity was afforded to make some observations among the farmers and on the business of the locality directly connected with agricultural affairs. The Institute at Houlton was thinly attended through the day, though the evening brought out a larger number which made up a fair attendance. For some reason the village of Houlton is always "too busy" to give much attention to affairs of an agricultural flavor, being willing apparently to leave all such matters to the farmers alone. A new effort, however, has been made and a park has been fairly well equipped (by farmers alone) for another effort, and the cattle show of last fall held upon it was better sustained. Whether this shall go on to a career of usefulness in developing the agriculture of the surrounding towns will largely depend on the encouragement it receives from the village. Progress and enterprise with its resulting prosperity among the farmers, is certain to make itself felt upon the town. It is, then, quite as much advantage to a village that the agriculture surrounding it is encouraged and promoted, as it is to those who are directly engaged in it. It always must be that the country will divide its prosperity with the village. This agricultural society at Houlton, as well as all kindred efforts, should then receive the hearty coöperation of the entire people, and they should feel called upon to put forth their united efforts as needed. When this is done, the society will enter on a career of usefulness and become instrumental to the prosperity of all. Without this support, and so long as the load is left for a little band to carry, it will weight them heavily and the society cannot be made the useful organization it is well calculated to be. Some complaints are just now heard that the farmers of the suburbs have been reluctant to come to the aid of needed village improvements. To an outside party familiar with the situation, the advantage of a recognition of mutual relations of town and country are brought forcibly out.

The forenoon of the institute was given to the discussion of agricultural societies and their management, and a valuable paper upon the subject was read by Mr. B. A. Burr, the member from Penobscot county. In the afternoon T. W. Vose, Esq., of Bangor, read a carefully prepared paper on taxation, treating of why we are taxed, what taxes are levied on and how they are assessed. Mr. Vose has been city solicitor for Bangor for many years, and was thoroughly familiar with the subject to the minutest detail.

The evening exercise was a deviation from the usual work in the form of a lecture by Rev. N. T. Dutton of Houlton, giving experiences in the war of the rebellion, and drawing lessons of patriotism therefrom. It was an able lecture, well delivered, and was heartily appreciated.

The day following the institute, a few hours were devoted to looking over the industries of the town directly connected with farming. Houlton is always full of business. On the six miles of railroad connecting this town with the main line at Debec Junction, it now requires two engines and ten trains a day to do the carrying business. The principal part of the outward bound freight comes from the soil. Nearly a million and a half bushels of potatoes have been ground up for starch at the factories in the county, and this is now coming forward freely for shipment. The yield of starch has been a high average. The shipment of potatoes has been larger than ever before, and will not abate till checked by the severe cold weather which will prevent in a measure their coming forward so freely. Cellars still hold great quantities of them to come on later in the season. In the upper part of the county traffic is equally lively. The Aroostook *Republican* gives a statement obtained from Deputy Collector Lowny, of the shipments from that part of the county in Oct. Number of cars of freight shipped in October from Presque Isle, 130; from Caribou, 128; from Fort Fairfield, 158; total 416. Potato shipments in October, 84,700 bushels. This exceeds the shipment of potatoes in Oct., 1885, which was 34,160 bushels by 50,540 bushels. The largest number of cars of freight ever sent in one month previous to this was 375, in June, 1885. This gives something of an idea of what Aroostook farmers are up to.

The Eastern Fresh Meat Company, A. A. Mowry, agent, is doing a large business slaughtering lambs and muttons for Boston market. The dressed carcasses are forwarded in refrigerator cars. This establishment is equipped in the best manner known to the business, and has a capacity for butchering, cooling and shipping 1200 lambs a day. At present it is not running to its full capacity, though still doing a large business. The offal is sold to near-by farmers for application to the land. The Merritt Bros., formerly E. Merritt & Sons, in addition to an extensive provision and grocery trade, do a large milling business. They have four run of stones and grind wheat corn and all other grains in large quantities. A plaster and bone mill is fitted for crushing and grinding the plaster used by the farmers in the surrounding towns. Considerable quantities of bone are collected and crushed and ground for fertilizing purposes. These industries are a substantial advantage to the farmers.

At Blaine the institute was well attended. This is a fine section of farming lands, not excelled in any part of the county. A cheese factory was erected here two years ago by Mr. S. H. Hussey, from plans and specifications furnished by the noted cheese manufacturer, Francis Barnes of Houlton, and it is without question, the best factory in all its appointments of fixtures and curing room that was ever built in the State. The building is 24 feet in width by 90 in length. Cheese has been made here two seasons, and the product has been first class in quality. Fourteen tons was made the present year. A sample of these took the highest honors at the last New England Fair at Bangor. Five hundred of their make were still on the shelves and were as even in looks as if all made in one day. Perfect cleanliness reigned supreme throughout the factory. The proprietor of the factory buys milk of the farmers or makes it up at a price per pound.

Here is an opportunity for the farmers of the vicinity to realize some money from their farms, and do it easier than by raising potatoes at fifteen or twenty cents a bushel. Yet only a few of them are taking hold of it with faith and in earnest. Those rich farms should be stocked with cows, and every effort made to put just as many pounds of milk into that factory as the pasturage, hay and grain of those broad farms can produce. The more work done the more profitable it will become. The farmers of the locality will miss their opportunity if they do not give this factory a generous patronage.

The leading topics claiming attention at the institute, were Farmers' Organizations and Profitable Feeding of Cows, both especially applicable to the locality, and each engaged the close attention of those in attendance. The arrangements for these institutes were made entirely by the county member of the board, Mr. Francis Barnes of Houlton, and the able papers and lectures secured for the occasion, and the success of the meetings throughout were an evidence of what may be accomplished when the needed effort is put forth. The people of Blaine especially appreciated his efforts in their behalf.

The Houlton papers, as usual on the lookout to lend a helping hand to every movement in aid of disseminating a higher knowledge in agricultural affairs, aided Mr. Barnes in his efforts by publishing the notices and encouraging an attendance on the meetings. Bro. Carey, of the *Times*, was in attendance at Houlton, and Brother Gilman of the *Pioneer* attended every meeting of the institute, and accompanied the party to Blaine, taking special pains to make the visit of those from abroad as pleasant as possible. His many attentions will not be forgotten.

Which Breed is Best?

The *Breeders' Gazette* in reply to the question asked by a subscriber to the paper as to which breed of cattle it would be best for him to buy, Herefords or Shorthorns, dodges the question by telling a story of a man who once had a bull charge on him in a field; the man's legs were not good and the fence was a long ways off. He was certain to be caught, and so he concluded to face the matter where he was. He had himself raised the bull, and as the animal approached he spoke to him resolutely and by mere display of will or nerve "stood him off." It was the best he could do. If a stranger to the bull had been in the same place, and his legs were in good order, and the fence not too far away, undoubtedly the best he could have done would have been to *run for it*. "And so," the *Gazette* goes on to reason, "in selecting breeds of cattle for the farm—the question as to whether this breed or that will prove the best, depends upon the man and upon circumstances; and who else but the man himself can judge of these?"

It may seem an easy matter to one unskilled in cattle to decide such a question as the above, and we not long since learned of a courageous beginner who proposed to settle that matter to a certainty by getting an animal of each breed and thus see which would do the best. It is an easy matter, comparatively, for a good judge of the same to tell which of two animals standing side by side is the better beef; or of several cows, which is the best milker. A comparison of breeds, however, is another thing, and much more complicated.

Strictly speaking, there can be no such thing as a comparison of breeds; and it is the height of folly to attempt to pit one against the other, either at fairs or any where else. Each has its special characteristics, and whether this one or that is the best, depends on what it is wanted for and who wants it. If one admires the peculiar markings and the special characteristics of the Herefords, and can raise no enthusiasm over any other, then that is the breed for him. If another can find higher satisfaction in the lofty proportions, lordly bearings and regular outlines of the Shorthorns, there is the place for him to work. Enormous proportions, a loose structure and a fabulous flow of milk are not found combined in the Jersey, so whether this or the Holstein is the best, depends again on what is wanted.

There is, however, another factor which comes in here. Some men keep stock for the money that comes from them. A man may possibly raise the question as to which breed of stock he can make the most money out of as a breeder. In this case the cattle are kept neither for their beef, milk, nor butter, but for the money sales of stock. The history of the past has been that no man can put his hand on this breed or that and say, this is it. Each breed has had its popular season and its corresponding high wave of prices, only to ebb again to its natural level. No one has yet been equal to the wisdom of predicting when these waves are to flow, or what they are to reach. So here, as before, we are driven to the same conclusion that success in this direction will depend on what one likes, and what he likes to do. "The battle of the breeds" can never win a victory or slay a rival, for there is no warfare between them, nor can there ever be. Each has a place, and that place is open for each. The question above all others is what we like to do, and what we prefer to do it with. Just this is what is best to do.

The Potato Market.

Editors Maine Farmer: In this section of Aroostook county there is quite a large quantity of potatoes stored by our farmers for shipment, as you perhaps are well aware, and these are large potatoes and of the very best quality, never better than this year. The question arises, when is the best time to sell; shall we sell early in winter or wait until March or April? This is a question we cannot solve and is merely guess work, the consequence resulting, as in former years, to a loss of thousands of dollars to the farmers throughout this whole section. Now it seems to me that you are in a position, in a measure, to remedy this evil, if I may call it such, as our freights are extremely high, and we are obliged to get all we can for our potatoes. Can you not gather statistics from the Provinces and from parts of our own country, of the amount of potatoes raised and stored for shipment, that will certainly be put upon the market this season; also from all you can gather, give us an outline of the general outlook of the market for this product the coming winter. Hoping to hear from you through the columns of the *Farmer*, in answer to all or a part of the above enquiries, for the benefit of the farmers and Grangers of this county, and that you will by so doing confer a great favor, Respectfully,
A SUBSCRIBER.
Easton, Nov. 13, 1886.

Our correspondent should know that foretelling the market with any degree of certainty is something that no one, however well informed, is able to do. It is true that a knowledge of the available supply in the various sections from which the supply is drawn will enable one to make a more intelligent guess than he might otherwise be able, but even in that case his opinion should be taken with some reservations. We have been studying the market since the potato harvest with a view to the disposition of our own crop, and with the conclusion that it was best to sell at once. That opinion is held at the present time. We would not claim that our conclusions should be a guide to any one else. Since our correspondent, however, is so candid in the matter, and rightfully concludes that a judgment can better be made up by a review of the whole field of demand and supply, we will state the basis of our conclusions, and he and the many other Aroostook farmers who have large stores of potatoes on hand, may judge for themselves whether those conclusions are soundly drawn.

There was an abundant supply of potatoes grown and they were generally housed in sound condition, and are still keeping well. The full supply that has been steadily forwarded to market and is still kept up is proof of the full crop; and there has been no signs that the supply is in any degree falling off. Owing to the low prices in Boston, the great surplus of the Provinces has not yet come forward, the ten cents duty when prices are so low proving an almost complete embargo on trade from that section. Should a rise of no more than ten cents a bushel take place, without doubt an active trade would at once spring up with that section, which would check any further advance at least, if not bear prices to a lower figure again. There is no evidence whatever that there is not a full supply for the trade that has not yet gone forward to market. This being the case, and if the stock remains sound, there is no visible cause for any marked rise in price. We shall look for a slight toning up of the market when the severe cold and deep snows of winter check the forwarding of supplies, and again in March, (if the supply is not over abundant) to meet the usual call for seed to go South.

SNAPPIT, 13,395, A. J. C. C.

Snappit, A. J. C. C. 13,395.

Our illustration represents the A. J. C. C. bull Snappit 13,395, the property of Mr. J. R. Brewer, Hingham, Mass. The cut is from a photograph taken when the bull was 18¼ months old. Snappit was shown at the Bay State Fair, where he took the second prize as a two-year-old. We examined him there and found him much more matured than represented in the cut. The illustration shows him, as is quite common with bulls at that age, too heavy in the head, and immature all over. He is now a finished animal and carries with him the evidence of the remarkable animals represented in his pedigree. Sire, Romp's Tormentor, 7126 A. J. C. C. Dam, Jolie, 2d, pedigree stock 386, Commended Jersey Herd Book. Imported by S. M. Burnham, registered American Jersey Cattle Club, 16,656. Born January 13, 1884; bred by Davis Collamore of Orange, N. J. Well grown, straight-backed, handsome and gentle. Head and body dark sealskin brown, back light gray, muzzle white, long black switch, skin rich orange color; fine hair and limbs, slim tail.

He is an inbred Coomassie, from whom have come 91 descendants, with tests from 14 lbs. to 46 lbs. 12½ oz. Tormentor gives him 25 per cent. of his blood and Guy Fawkes contributes an equal amount. He also possesses the much sought strains of Angela, Top Sawyer, Angelica, and their renowned ancestors Marius, Nonpareil, Welcome, Brown Prince, Lady Mary, Clement, Orange Peel, Noble, and many others, and traces *eight* times to Old Noble, the founder of many illustrious families, a rare combination of the very best butter blood, which should have a marked impress upon his progeny. With such choice blood back of him he has also every mark of being a rich butter bull. The foregoing is only a small part of the grand records of Snappit's ancestors, and much more could be added, showing the excellent qualities of his near relatives.

How to Secure the Feeding Value of Oat Straw.

Farmers in Scotland and the north of England, remarks the *Scotch Agricultural Gazette*, depend a great deal on the oat straw for carrying their horses and cattle through the winter, and use comparatively little hay. Green oat straw contains about as large a proportion of albuminous compounds as occurs on an average in ordinary meadow hay. When the oat straw is allowed to get over ripe before cutting, however, the amount of albuminous compound dwindles down to about one-half. Over-ripe straw is, therefore, not only absolutely poorer in albuminous or flesh-forming matter than greener straw, but it likewise contains these important constituents in a less soluble, and therefore, less digestible form. They are, therefore, particular to cut the oats as soon as the slightest change shows in the color of the straw immediately underneath the panicle, no matter how green the stem may be, and not allowing it to stand on the ground until it is dead ripe, as in that condition there is a great loss from shed grain. When cut early they require a little longer in the shock, but the grain is quite matured, and the straw is then much more valuable for fodder. American farmers can adopt the same practice with manifest advantage, as it involves no additional expense in harvesting and will afford them a large quantity of very valuable feed. Oat straw, when cut at this stage of maturity, reinforced with a little oil cake, or, what is perhaps better, some of the concentrated cattle foods now being offered for sale in the market (these are preferable to corn in making a profitable ration of this material) will afford a very cheap and nutritious food which can be made the main winter reliance of cattle and sheep and maintain them in thrifty condition. Of course oat straw cut in too green a state is more difficult to cure properly than when well advanced, but if the weather is not unfavorable there is a stage long before ripeness when this can be managed.

This matter of fodder supply has not begun to receive the attention by our farmers here in Maine that its importance calls for. We have been relying upon grass so exclusively that we have lost sight of the importance of rotation crops to take its place, or as additional fodder.

Houlton Grange.

The Houlton Grange is small in numbers, yet is zealous in the work of promoting and popularizing the interests of agriculture. It was instrumental in bringing the farmers' institute at Houlton, and secured Music Hall, the best in town, for the use of the meeting, at its own expense. Indeed, had it not been for the members of this organization, apparently, there would have been but little interest in the meeting. Not content with this they tendered a complimentary supper to the Board and visitors accompanying it, to which were invited a large number of their friends in the vicinity, forming a pleasant company. The spread was not only tastefully laid, but like grangers' tables at home, was bountiful in supply. It was presided over by the Master, Mr. Barnes, and was greatly enjoyed by the sociable and happy company who were privileged to sit down to it. The Board and the institute appreciated the compliment fully, and are glad to have it go on record that the Houlton Grange is vigorously at work at their chosen calling of elevating and enlightening those who are engaged in agriculture and popularizing the business among the people.

Communications.

For the Maine Farmer.

Make the Farm Self Supplying.—No. 4.

In the *Farmer* of Sept. 16th, Com. (why not give your name? thanks for the compliment, it is returned in full,) in a well written article labors to prove the position taken in the counsel to make the manurial resources of the farm the main reliance impracticable and impossible. Com. makes this statement: "It must be evident that even if *all* the crops raised on a farm were consumed by the animals kept thereon, and *all* the manure produced by those animals, together with the flesh and bones of the animals themselves, returned to the soil in manure, the quantity of mineral elements present in the soil would not be increased, but would be actually less than at the beginning to the extent of the mineral fertilizing constituents which at any fixed date had been withdrawn as crops and had not been returned as manure." "This loss cannot be compensated for by manure produced on the farm, since such manure can, at the most, contain only the elements taken from the soil by the crops *less* those sold and taken away."

Theoretically, and possibly scientifically, the above statement may be correct as to fact, but practically it is fallacious and misleading. The soil is a vast storehouse of mineral constituents. The elements for thousands of harvests are in its treasury, but not largely in an available condition as plant food. Nature's agencies, heat and cold, sunshine and rain, are increasing by unlocking food and rendering it available for the use of plant growth. On most soils this natural process is too slow to supply plant food in quantities sufficient to grow *large crops* continuously from the soil. Hence the necessity for the application of fertilizers. Could the inert plant food in the soil be made rapidly available in quantities sufficient to meet the demands of growing crops, there would be no necessity for the application of manures for long series of years. Fortunately nature conserves her treasure and compels man to live "by the sweat of his brow."

Had all the stores of plant food in the soil been in an available condition, however abundant the supply, it must, through man's ignorance and greed, have in the countless ages of the past been wasted and the earth have become a barren waste. It is through this gradual development of plant food from inert material that has supplied to man and all living creatures through the past ages their sustenance. It is through the operations of the same natural law that the living generations are so bounteously supplied from the soil. And it is safe to conclude that teeming millions yet to come will find mother earth ready to respond in supplying food sufficient for their needs. It is through this gradual development of plant food from the constituents in the soil that allows the practice of selling from the farm a portion of its products and still maintain, and with intelligent culture increase, the productiveness of the soil.

Care however must be taken that the manurial resources be not wasted, but carefully saved and returned to the soil. The point I wish to make is, that with systematic, intelligent cultivation, and the feeding of the crops mainly to stock upon the farm, depending largely for the income from the sales of animal products, the farm may be made mainly self supplying in manurial resources.

1. Experience and observation teach me that home manures cost much less than purchased fertilizers.

2. They are more certain to promote growth, and more permanent in their effect. For these and other obvious reasons the farmer should husband carefully his farm manures and use caution in purchasing commercial fertilizers. H. L. LELAND.

For the Maine Farmer.

Echoes From the Granges—XV.

Farmers need the social and educational advantages of the Grange, and there is no place equal to a good Grange for real mental and moral advancement. The order is moving on in this State strong and hopeful. The State Lecturer has just completed his labors in York county, and County Deputy Brown is about through with his visits and lectures to the Granges in Waldo county. A new Grange hall is to be dedicated by the New Gloucester Grange Nov. 23d, with State Master Robie and other State Grange officials present. A meeting of Cumberland County Grange occurs there the same day, and being handy to Androscoggin and Sagadahoc counties, visiting brethren are expected from each. Bro. Hunter of the Executive committee of the State Grange is about through with railroad arrangements for the meeting of the State Grange, which occurs Tuesday the twenty-first of December, in Meonian Hall, Augusta, and continues three days. Capital Grange will have their hall, which is near by, decorated, and open during the whole session, so that meetings may be held there by committees, or associations, and all visiting brethren have an opportunity of visiting it and of forming acquaintance with the members, and with their place of meeting. Arrangements may be made so that a lecture on "The hay crop, and commercial fertilizers and fertilization," may be given Monday evening preceding the opening Tuesday, so those who come Monday afternoon or evening will have a chance to attend.

Merrymeeting Grange, Bowdoinham, have arranged a programme for every evening for three months ahead, and publish it during that time in the local paper. They have recently added four members by initiation. The last meeting of Sagadahoc county Grange was not held by reason of a severe storm. It occurs Wednesday, Dec. 1st, being put off one week later than regular time by reason of Thanksgiving day. West Bath Grange recently held a harvest feast, and invited Topsham and Merrymeeting Granges; a good time was the result, and a good discussion and other features enjoyed. Worthy Overseer Gregory has purchased and moved upon a nice little homestead near Bangor, where he and Aunt Lizzie are enjoying life just as young as they used to be. Worthy State Master Robie is strongly talked of for next Department Commander of G. A. R., of Maine. Worthy Steward of State Grange raised over 100 bushels of corn to the acre this year, 75 bushels of potatoes and 3500 lbs. squash on one-half acre.

The patrons of New Hampshire are alive and active, and can be no other way under the leadership of such a leader as Bro. Stinson and his associates. Those who saw and heard him at Old Orchard can attest to this. The National Lecturer, Bro. Whitehead, who made a lecturing tour in New Hampshire, was at this fair and made a very able speech. In Massachusetts the order is marching on. Worthy State Master Draper has just passed a firey ordeal. Fire consumed his fine large barn, and damaged his house. His loss is four or five thousand dollars, partially insured. The Connecticut patrons are wide awake, their State Master is Hale and hearty.

The National Grange has just closed, its annual session, which began the 10th in Philadelphia. State Master Robie replied to the address of welcome by the Mayor of Philadelphia. It costs a good deal of money to hold these sessions, and we believe the interests of the order would be just as well taken care of if the National Grange met once in two years. In the past a good deal of buncombe has crept into the meetings of this body which is the exponent of hard working farmers. We believe the time will come, and not long first, either, when great and needed reforms will be made in the management of the order. Our platform in this direction is this: Biennial sessions of the National Grange. Fees for membership $1. Dues for Sub-Granges what they please to agree upon. We don't expect this will suit everybody. Those who don't like it can build a platform for themselves and to suit. The Master of the Indiana State Grange has issued his proclamation in regard to observing the 4th of December, the birthday of the Grange, with suitable observances. Every patron is at liberty to celebrate the natal day of the order, whether his State Master proclamates or not.

The Grange is doing a noble work for farmers, and they should not fail to show their appreciation by giving it a strong and faithful support. If all farmers could see and realize the great importance and power for good there is in the Grange organization, there would not be a farmer outside of the order.

The season has come for increased Grange work. "Alewive Grange" in York county, one of the youngest in the order, has recently added ten members by initiation, and has raised the money, laid the foundation, and begun to erect a hall.

Worthy State Lecturer Thing recently spent the Sabbath with Bro. and Sister B. F. Carter of Scarboro; of them he says:

"At Buxton we were met by our well known and esteemed brother, B. F. Carter, and after supper and a pleasant call with Bro. Treadwell, rode in a blinding rain and pitchy darkness to the home of Bro. Carter where a quiet rest over the Sabbath set us up for the labors of another week. Bro. Carter is one of the most enthusiastic and earnest patrons, as well as one of the hardest working and most successful farmers. A visit with him is pleasant and profitable both indoors and out."

The season of active farm labor in the field is drawing to a close. On the whole it has been a good season for work, for farm improvements, and for crops. Most every patron has appreciated it and improved it. A good member of the order said to us lately, "I like farming and to farm better than before I joined the Grange. My work don't seem so hard, and I am more in love with it." We believe this is true with every good brother and sister. And it should be true. Our order is designed to be helpful, and is helpful. There is something in it, when one gets impregnated with its spirit, that the outsider and the world knows not of. Let the good work go on, and let us make our Granges better and more helpful every day. X.

For the Maine Farmer.

West Parsonsfield Items.

Mr. Towne, an intelligent and hard working farmer, planted last spring a little less than eight acres of land to corn, and harvested this fall five hundred bushels of nice corn. All the dressing used on this was phosphate. He also raised 150 bushels of potatoes, 96 bushels of grain, and a large quantity of fruit and garden vegetables. Mr. Towne has a large farm very pleasantly situated. He has a fine view of the lake known by the name of Province lake. He has a large lot of nice cattle from which he receives good profits. Mrs. Towne is a splendid housekeeper. She has been an invalid for about a year, and though surrounded with all the comforts of life, cannot enjoy them on account of ill health. Two years ago their only son died of that fatal disease, consumption. He was a very nice young man, was highly educated, and his parents and sister were almost prostrated with grief.

The report that Mr. Tucker has sold his farm and purchased one in Cornish, is not true. It would be a loss to lose such people as Mr. Tucker and family, as he is a capital farmer, an intelligent and kind neighbor. He has a nice farm, and has harvested large crops for the amount of land tilled. His health is so poor that he cannot farm on a large scale. Mr. Tucker keeps Jersey cows. He has two very fine looking Jerseys. He has a large dapple gray horse weighing about 1100 pounds, seven years old, a good traveller. Mr. Tucker has a fine lot of timber on his farm consisting of spruce, hemlock, oak and ash. The kind hospitality with which one is received by Mr. Tucker and wife, combined with the music from their two nice little daughters, (who play and sing charmingly) render a visit at their home very pleasant.

Mr. Isaac Nason is another prominent farmer. He raised for several years some very nice horses, from the sales of which he made a large amount of money. He sold several horses at prices ranging from two to nine hundred dollars. Now he has only one horse. Mr. Nason has a very nice lot of fine timber, the largest lot there is in this section.

There are some of the very best farms in town at West Parsonsfield. One owned by George I. Doe has a large and good farm. It is under a good state of cultivation. It is now worked by Albert Sanborn. Mr. Doe was fortunate to secure the services of such competent managers as Mr. Sanborn and his excellent wife, who are doing much credit to themselves by their industry and good management. There are several other large and good farms at West Parsonsfield of which I have not now time to write.

Reported for the Maine Farmer.

The Penobscot Farmers' Club.

A meeting of the club was held at the public hall, East Eddington, on Tuesday, 9th inst. Meeting called to order by President A. G. Kent. Subject, do the farmers derive any benefit from feeding their mowing fields in the fall? Discussion opened by Mr. Jerome Comins. There are not many farmers at the present time that are in favor of feeding their mowing fields in the fall, but these same men find that it is necessary that cows should have something more than they can get in the pasture, and this is the case with most of the farmers. This being the case, I shall advocate that we can feed them on our mowing fields much cheaper than with hay at the barn.

H. M. Shaw—All that I know about this question is what I have learned from experience and observation. When I took the farm I now live on, it did not cut more than ten or twelve tons of hay a year. There was one field we turned the cattle into in the fall and they would thrive complete, but the hay crop would be minus the next year and we had to buy hay every spring. But I soon came to the conclusion that I would keep the cattle out of the field and see if it would not cut more hay, and the result was my hay crop increased yearly and we soon had plenty of hay to keep all the stock we wanted on the farm without buying.

Charles Dole—I am not in favor of feeding our mowing fields for they will soon be so badly run out that they will need plowing and dressing before they will produce good crops of hay. Then if we do not pasture our mowing fields there can be made a great saving in not having so many road fences to build and keep in repair.

Mr. Elijah Comins—There has been a change within the last fifty years, as at that time it was the practice of every farmer to feed his mowing fields, and at that time the fields were not smooth as they are at the present time, but now we find that it is not a benefit to feed them. If a man has cows and is very anxious to make fine butter, he can do it by feeding his mowing fields, but when the frost has killed the grass the cows are just as anxious to eat it as before, and they will fill themselves nicely with it, but it will not make nice butter. I find that fodder corn can be made to take the place of the field, and I find that the low swale land that gives a good burden of hay every year, is improved by keeping the cattle off from them, and the hay will be a far better quality. And I would recommend that stock should be kept off from the mowing field all seasons of the year. When we practice feeding our mowing fields we cut from thirty to forty tons of hay a year. Now we cut from seventy to eighty tons, and it is due to a great extent to not fall feeding our mowing fields.

J. W. Green—This is a question that interests us all, as it is a matter of dollars and cents. I think it costs us more than we get to feed our mowing fields, and I notice that the men who do not feed their fields, keep them in better condition than those that do. We know it is necessary that we have some kind of feed when the pastures become short, but it is cheaper to raise corn or other forage plants for that purpose than to feed our fields.

Mr. Comins—I used to feed my mowing fields quite close in the fall, but after a few years I thought it best not to feed them, for when the ground was soft the cattle would tread it up badly, which I found destroyed many of the grass-roots. After I stopped feeding my fields I found that my hay crop increased, and as it was necessary that I should have something beside what my pasture produced late in the season, I planted southern corn, but it did not give satisfactory results. I then tried our field corn, and I found that it would produce more milk and butter than the southern, and for the few past years I have planted sweet corn for my cows. I plant in hills, and the more ears it produces the better. What my cows do not need, when it is green I cut up and dry it in stocks, and I realize as good results as when fed green.

Mr. Hammond—I do not as some do, in regard to feeding our mowing fields. The fact is I have been obliged to feed some of my fields. I have one field that was badly run out when I commenced on my farm, that I fed so close with sheep, that in a windy day the dust would blow from it, but in five years that field produced one and one-half tons of hay to the acre; but I have other fields that I do not allow any stock on, for they would ruin them, but I think that sheep will benefit any old run-out mowing field.

The discussion was continued by Mr. Johnson, Mr. Rogers, Mr. Jones, Mr. French, Mr. Dole and others. Due notice will be given for the next meeting of the club. SEC'Y.

Reported for the Maine Farmer.

Waldo County Grange.

Waldo Grange met with Honesty Grange, Morrill, Nov. 9th. Thirteen Granges were represented by delegates, also George's Valley in Knox county, also Knox county by Brother and Sister Stone. The address of welcome was given by Sister Gracie Bowen, and response by Sister Effie Jackson. After appointing a committee on programme, the fifth degree was conferred upon five members. Remarks for good of the order by Bros. Shepard, Packard, Morse, Pearson, Shorey, Robert and Ellis. Recess. Meeting called together as usual. Music; topic, Resolved there is more profit in eating the hay on the farm than in selling and buying fertilizers, opened by Bros. Gray and Hatch, followed by Bros. Shepard, Packard, Roberts, Ellis, Stone, Hunt and Shorey; select reading by Sister Ellen Hunt. Question: "Resolved, It is more work to provide food and clothing for a family than to prepare it." Affirmative, Bro. Tasker; negative, Sister Luce. Sisters Jackson, Ames, and Shorey, Bros. Clement and Hatch took part in the discussion. Committee on time, place and programme reported. Time, Dec. 7th. Place, Silver Harvest, Waldo. Programme: 1. Opening exercises. 2. Report of Granges. 3. Address of welcome by Sister Kingsbury. 4. Response by Sister Luce. 5. Music. 6. Conferring of fifth degree. 7. Appointing of committee. 8. Recess. 9. Question: "Resolved that Jersey stock is a damage to Maine." Affirmative, Bros. Roberts and Ellis. Negative, Bros. Levensellar and Chase. 10. Song by Sister Lucinda Clement. 11. Question: "Resolved, That the opportunities of domestic life ought to satisfy the measure of woman's ambition." Affirmative, Sisters Bellows and Shorey. Negative, Sisters Littlefield and Simmons. 12. Remarks for the good of the order.
L. M. BELLOWS, Sec.

Horse Department.

National Horse Show.

The National Horse Show in New York this year has not attracted the attention of former years. There has been wanting many classes, and the average of the stock exhibited has been declared to be far below other exhibitions. The cabs, hunters and racers were out in good numbers, but the trotting stock was wanting. As usual there had been a great deal of complaining at the awards made, though no one questions the integrity of the judges, save perhaps a few chronic grumblers, whose only mission is to work mischief. The trouble is, men qualified to act have preferences for one family or another, and these will operate unconsciously in making the award, no matter how honest a man may be. This fact must be recognized so long as the present system prevails. We must come to the scale of points in all our horse shows. The show was a complete success financially.

The greatest interest centered in a prize of $100 in plate offered by Mr. P. F. Collier for the best high jumper. Four horses were entered in the class and all responded, they being Foxhall Keene's Hempstead, P. F. Collier's Majestic, George Work's Tycoon and F. Gebhard's Peter. The rails were first placed at 4 ft. 9 in., and all went over without touching. The height was then made 5 ft. 3 in., and Tycoon and Peter failed. This left Hempstead and Majestic the only competitors. The rails were placed at 5 ft. 7 in., and both accomplished it, amid excitement. Then it was made 6 ft., and at the first attempt Hempstead did it. There were cheers, waving of handkerchiefs and clapping of hands. Majestic tried and failed, but accomplished it at the second attempt, and the cheers were deafening. Everybody was excited. The enthusiasm was tremendous.

Then the height was made 6 ft. 6½ in. The world's record was 6 ft. 6 in., made by Mr. Gebhard's Leo in 1884 at the Garden. The announcement that half an inch more than the record was to be attempted made the excitement more intense. Hempstead succeeded, and the Garden was wild. Majestic succeeded, and hundreds acted as if beside themselves. The world's record beaten by both competitors, and not a tumble during the trials. Once more the rails were raised, this time to 6 ft. 7¼ in. The announcement of the height was received with tremendous cheers. Hempstead essayed the task but failed. Majestic tried and failed. Hempstead made the second attempt and succeeded. Then Majestic tried again and cleared the obstacle. Majestic's owner proposed to make it a draw, but Mr. Keene would not consent, and the height was raised to 6 ft. 8 in. Hempstead was the first to make the attempt. As he arose to the jump hundreds arose from their seats. A moment of suspense and the world's record was again beaten, the Garden being white with fluttering handkerchiefs. Majestic tried and failed, then he refused, and at the third trial failed again and Hempstead was declared the winner.

Brood Mares.

We have lately urged the importance of selecting at once the brood mares for another year. A few months' time will be well spent in studying the disposition, becoming acquainted with the faults, as well as the virtues of the animal, in order that the mating next year may be intelligently made, and the results satisfactory. It does not pay in this age of scientific breeding to depend on what may be. The chances should be reduced to the minimum, and in order to do this we must exercise great care in the selection of our brood mares. The aim should be to breed next year from better mares than in the past.

A note is before us asking why we urge so much importance in the selection of brood mares, and asking also further suggestions. Horsemen will testify to the fact that it is difficult, after years of experience, and the very closest inspection, to detect the defects, save after months of handling. For this reason it is urged that purchases be made in the fall for next year's breeding. The average farmer cannot afford to make speed the one object in view. This field had best be left to those who are making it a life long study, and who understand all the details of pedigree. What the farmer wants is to raise colts that in form, size, gait, disposition and temperament as well as breeding, will be in demand in the leading markets. To do this all these points need to be well considered. One cannot lay too much stress on temperament. The average purchaser wants, first of all, a kind, tractable horse, safe everywhere, and obedient to the word of the driver. To have this it must be a leading characteristic of the dam.

We have in the State a number of choice stallions. There are also a good number of very choice brood mares, but every reliable owner of a stock horse has this year refused to receive brood mares that have been offered, because of the defects that surely would be transmitted. The reputation of the horse and his owner have been at stake. The loss of time and money is realized when such colts are put upon the market, and the blame is always charged to the sire. It is impossible for us to be too careful in the selection of a stock horse, but over and above this, the choice of the brood mare should occupy our attention. We cannot find them without defects, for the perfect horse is yet to be bred, but they can be carefully selected, and judiciously mated, with the certainty that the progeny will be all the time improving.

Size, color, disposition, gait and breeding, these are the leading points to be considered, and the brood mare that is faulty in these should be condemned. Our brood mare should weigh from ten to eleven hundred. Good colts have been bred from smaller mares, but to be sure of profit one must have size. Color may not be of so great importance as disposition, but it is worthy the attention of the purchaser. A little time given now to looking up just the right brood mare to use next year, will enable any one to make a better selection of stallions next spring than will be possible if the purchase is delayed until April.

Death of Archer.

In the death of Archer, the sporting world loses the most noted rider of the day. One would think to read the exchanges that some ruler of a nation, or noted philanthropist had been removed from our midst. The following dispatch was received:

LONDON, Nov. 8.—Fred Archer, the famous jockey, died this morning from wounds inflicted by himself while in a delirium resulting from fever. It was reported that he was ill from typhoid fever. The first symptoms of the disease appeared on Thursday, after he had been present at the Lewes races. When it became evident that his illness was likely to be serious he was taken to his sister's residence at Newmarket. He rapidly grew worse, and had been in a raging fever since yesterday morning. He was left alone for a few minutes, and his attendant, shortly after leaving the sick room, heard two pistol shots. He hurried back and found Archer dying, having shot himself with a revolver.

In this sad manner has passed away England's foremost jockey in his very prime. Frederick James Archer was born Jan. 11, 1856, his father, William Archer, being a well known steeplechase rider. He was apprenticed at the age of eleven to the famous trainer, Mathew Dawson. In 1870 he had his first mount in a race, winning on the two-year-old filly Athol Daisy. His first great success was on Salvanos in the Cesarewitch in 1872. It was his first and only winning of that event. Nor did he ever win the Cambridgeshire, though he rode second for that race both last year and this season.

He commenced riding in 1870 and has since rode to win in 2,807 races.

I wish to claim the name of Susie O., for my bay filly with off hind foot, and inside of the near foot white. Foaled June 6, 1884, sired by Onward, dam by Gen. Lightfoot. Also I claim the name of Luther P., for my bay colt with star in the forehead, and right hind foot and ankle white. Foaled April 21, 1886, sired by Fred Boone, dam by Gen. Lightfoot. Yours truly,
Skowhegan, Nov. 12. S. S. DELANO.

Corn is the bane of the farm horse, as it is also of the horse doing any other sort of work, not because of not being sufficiently nutritious, but because it makes too much fat and not enough muscle. The horse's muscle wears away under exercise, but its disappearance in nowise lessens the power for either draft or speed.

Poultry Department.

What to Feed.

A correspondent asks for some formula for feeding poultry. The time has now come for the early pullets to commence laying, and to secure a good supply of eggs for the next four months we want to feed a liberal amount of egg producing food. Right here is where the individual breeder shows his skill, and brings to his aid the elements that will give him what he is after in breeding. Eggs are made up from the food given the hens. If any one constituent of the egg is wanting, the machinery cannot work, and we fail of securing the coveted supply. With present prices this becomes a problem of interest and importance.

If we want milk in quantity from our cows, we feed shorts and roots. If butter, we feed the more concentrated foods that are rich in fats, and we do this because the quantity and richness depend upon the food given. Meadow hay will not make gilt-edged butter. Corn and cottonseed meal will not give us the largest flow of milk. These questions are understood, but when we come to our poultry, breeders fail to see why; if hens like corn better than oats, wheat or barley, they should not be fed all the corn they want. They say that there is a demand for this food, else the hens would not show such a craving for it. This desire is the result of habit and the cultivated appetite, rather than the necessities of the animal. For convenience sake the hens, pullets and cockerels have been running together until now, and wishing for size and fat in those sent to market, the whole have been fed on fat forming food. As a result the hens do not lay, and the pullets must be reduced in flesh before they will commence. To continue the fattening process longer is not only an injury to the vitality of the stock, but a daily loss in food worse than wasted. If a breeder, with one hundred hens, should throw into the river daily two quarts of corn he would be considered insane, yet many a man is doing worse than this by feeding his laying stock that much more than good health and productiveness require. Hens that are fat cannot be profitable as layers. Admit the truth of this as we may, the fact remains that farmers and breeders have allowed their stock to fatten during the moulting season, until to-day they are out of condition and worthless as layers. The grain wasted has been the least of the losses. The egg basket is empty, the hens over fat, and profits of the year materially reduced. The first step is to get rid of this surplus flesh.

The cold winter is approaching, and corn must be fed at night, so the question of what to feed becomes one of importance. Food must be given that, while rich in egg forming material, will not add to the fats. The system can be relied on to furnish enough of this for a time, and so we commence a diet of oats, barley and wheat. For morning meal give bran, oats and barley, ground and mixed with apples or potatoes thoroughly cooked, and all mashed together into a stiff dough. A good proportion is forty per cent. of bran, thirty of oats, twenty of barley, and ten of corn ground together. At night give oats, barley and wheat, equal parts, save in the coldest weather, when a portion of the meal should be of corn. In this way we may restore our flocks to a healthy condition, and soon realize a profit from the eggs that will be forthcoming.

Poultry.

The farming community cannot afford to abandon raising poultry, says the Iowa *Register*. Its profits and comforts are too great to yield the question without a struggle. The chicken cholera, like the hog cholera, seems to baffle the skill of the wisest. But the world cannot do without the delicious spring chicken; and the delicacies of which eggs form a very important part would be delicious no longer without this ingredient. Hence, the necessity of the most scrupulous care of the broods and their places of roost, as well as searching investigations into the cause and cure of the disease afflicting the chickens. The hen-louse is one of the most annoying, if not the most dangerous, agents to the poultry house. They must be expelled from nests and roosts. The chicken house must be kept as clean as circumstances will permit. The cholera is confined to no particular season or climate. But the winter quarters of the chickens should be renovated before the severe cold confines them in-doors. All the manure and old straw should be removed to destroy as many insects as possible. If the boxes or nests are old, or in the least decayed, burn them with the straw. And if the house itself is old, and only a den for vermin, if it catches on fire in burning straw and nests, and burns up, so much the better. Whitewash the hen house outside and inside with strong lime, adding a little carbolic acid to the slacked lime when cooled. Besides, give the roosts and floor a little kerosene oil. See that the lime in whitewashing gets into and fills up all the cracks and crevices. Give the fowls a box of lime, sand, sulphur and carbolic acid to wallow in. All this will pay. Keep the chickens warm and comfortable, but not so tight as to make the air impure. Give them the advantage of the sun, and throw their food among straw, so they will have to scratch for it, thus giving them exercise, else, like many a human biped, they will become barren and unfruitful. Scratching for a living is as important to beast or bird as it is to those who should only eat bread by the sweat of their brow. But give the hens tender care, wholesome quarters, plenty of light and exercise, and they will generally pay a generous interest. Some farmers are abandoning this branch of husbandry, but it is wrong. Bring more care and wise supervision to that department of the farm, and more general success will be the result. Chickens are never healthy unless they have plenty of sand and gravel. The water given them should be in an iron vessel, and if a handful of rusty nails be kept in this water, the better. But otherwise the water must be pure and renewed every day.

Poultry Notes.

Dressed poultry always brings more in market than when alive, but the cost of picking and preparing the dressed fowls more than makes up for the difference in the price.

Fruit growing by itself is usually profitable, but combined with poultry farming would be still more so, as the ground would be used for two purposes instead of one.

The age of imposition has by no means passed away as has been abundantly proved of late, but it is really surprising to find what foolish ideas there are abroad with respect to poultry farming, largely due to some pamphlets and cheap books written by those who evidently do not know what they are writing about.

Poultry need far more care during damp, rainy weather, than during the dry, warm weather of summer, or the clear, cold weather of winter, for dampness engenders numerous disorders, many of which are difficult to cure. Therefore it is better to try the preventive than to administer a proposed cure.

The dust bath is to the fowl what the washbowl is to the individual. With the dust bath the hen cleanses her body; she uses it also for exercise. When a hen is incubating, she comes off as regular to dust herself as she does to feed, instinct teaching her that it is the best of methods for ridding herself of lice.

It has been observed that the tendency of the tame pigeon; when no attention is paid to its proper mating, is to fall back to the original slate color, and exhibit the dark band of black on the wing peculiar to the Rock Dove (C. livia). Sometimes one or more of the feathers of the greater or lesser wing coverts of the Stock Dove (C. Enas) have a single leaden spot, but these feathers never occur to such an extent, either in number or regularity, as to exhibit the decided bar always to be seen on the wing of the Rock Dove.

Eggs are steadily advancing in the markets, and last week freshly laid, near-by eggs were commanding fancy prices. Some lines of reliable Brahma eggs sold at retail as high as forty to fifty cents per dozen. In this market goods are the highest usually about Thanksgiving and Christmas time. There never seems to be an over-supply of fresh, reliable eggs. These prices were realized by parties who have been tried and found reliable, and who market their eggs weekly, selecting only those of uniform size and color. This may be the fancy side of the business, but it pays

Woman's Department.

Christmas Gifts.

As the happy Christmas time approaches, we who cannot purchase expensive gifts for our friends, must contrive in some way to assure them of our loving thought towards them. I think we often appreciate things that our friends have taken time to make for us more than gifts which are bought. A few suggestions about making Christmas gifts may not be amiss. Make up a pretty apron for your neighbor or a tire for her little daughter, and see if they will not be pleased. Make a rag doll for a little girl, or a ball for a boy; get scrap books and paste cards and pictures in them, a girl or boy would like a scrap book very much and it costs but little, a ten cent one will answer. A small box of paints which will amuse a boy or girl for a long time, for they like to paint the pictures found in books and papers. Here are directions for making something for older persons: Small blotting books are very useful to those who have much writing to do, and can be made so pretty as to be quite ornamental. The blotting paper can be bought already cut and put up in packages of several colors. Place together six of the leaves or pages for one book; before tying them together, mark half an inch from the top two places for slits which must be cut with a sharp knife, the distance between the slits should be about two inches and each slit should be at an equal distance from each side of the leaf. Slit all the leaves and the covers, which should be made of bristol board, in the same way, and run ribbon through the slits from the back. Decorate the covers in the prettiest way you can. The blotters are very pretty if neatly made.

For a work table pincushion, buy a doll nine or ten inches tall, with a pretty face and real hair; make a skirt long enough to cover her feet, cut a circular piece of pasteboard, cover it with cloth and sew the bottom of the skirt to it. Fill the skirt with bran, put the doll's legs into it and fasten it around her waist. Then proceed to dress the doll in imitation of a French *bonne*, with cap and long white apron. The dress should be quite as long as the stuffed petticoat. A tiny doll baby may be dressed in a long white robe, and put in the larger doll's arms.

Watch case—Cover a cigar box cover with plush or velvet, then take a piece of ribbon about two inches wide and four inches long, gather it across the longest way, top and bottom, and sew on to form a pocket. A little brass hook screwed in above the pocket, and bows on the corners complete it.

A pretty pen wiper—Take two pieces of bristol board and several pieces of flannel, cut in the form of a palette, pink the flannel and fasten with a ribbon passed through the hole for the thumb. The covers may be decorated with pen and ink sketches.

Useful little presents for gentlemen are watch pockets. They are made of chamois skin. A bag is made to fit the timepiece; on one side the monogram is embroidered, on the other a spray of flowers. The top is finished in button hole stitch closely worked.

Grandpa's spectacle holder—To make grandpa a spectacle holder, cut a piece of pasteboard the shape of a shoe sole, cover it with velvet, and make a toe piece as for a watch case, excepting that it should come up higher on the sole and lay flatter. Cover this with velvet and line it with the same, and work "Grandpa's Specs" on it in distinct white letters, done in outline stitch. Put a loop of ribbon on the top of the heel to hang it up by.
MRS. C. G. FURBISH.

Home.

How inexpressively dear to the human heart is the sweet word, home. Who has not felt its tender influence! The endearing atmosphere of the home circle where hearts unite in love, sympathy, kind words, kind looks, the out-springs of kind thoughts! There is no such thing as a hidden thought, it will speak and its silent language is more voluble than spoken words; the tone, the expression, something beneath words that carries a stronger conviction than words themselves. How true:—"Our thoughts have more to do with shaping our lives than our social intercourse has; our most intimate friends have not so great an influence over us as have the thoughts which we cherish." How careful then should we be to cultivate good, pure thoughts for the making of like characters; and it is at home that the foundation of our character is laid during the years of physical and mental growth when the mind is most susceptible to surrounding influences.

Not costly walls and elegant furnishings make home, love must abide within its walls; ah! there lies the charmed secret of sweet home. Yet how many fail to understand the law of love; there is wrong somewhere though sometimes so obscure it can only be laid to our first parents. Oh, Adam and Eve, what penance have we paid for thy sin! Were it not for God's great and merciful gift, his only begotten son for the remission of our sins, wretched indeed should we be! But now all is clear through the divine light of love.

The Father sent the Son to be the Saviour of the world.—I John, IV, 14.

And this is his commandment: That we should believe on the name of his Son Jesus Christ, and love one another.—I John III, 23.

And let us not be weary in well doing, for in due season we shall reap if we faint not.—Gal. VI, 9.

Dear children, away from home, fathers who must live away to toil for loved ones, now looking forward to Thanksgiving for a reunion at home, what joys fill the heart! But duty forbids many the pleasure of a visit home during the holidays. Write to them then. Have you forgotten the pleasure of a white winged message from home? Is it not dearer than all the gay company, fine architecture or grand scenery that may lie between you and your own loved ones?

"I think of the dear ones at home,
Who miss me wherever I roam;
Oh, go to them, tell them for me,
To write me a letter from home."

Dear old home, ever holding a welcome for absent ones! The months and weeks pass in measured time, and then come the glad tidings, "Father is coming home! Georgie is coming home!" A few more eager, waiting days and then the joyous reunion. At home once more, sweet haven of rest, free from the cares of the outside world, the wearying restraints and strict conventionalities of a business or social life, one may enjoy blissful rest within the sound of loved voices, the presence of dear forms and happy faces. "Home Sweet Home!" can any happiness be nearer heaven on earth? F. A. G.

To Mr. Loring J. Allen.

I suppose when you sent that last shot whizzing into the columns of the *Farmer*, your thoughts were something like this: "There now I've done it, how the pens will fly and the tongues wag; that spit-fire, Ellen S., will have her say, and no knowing *who* may feel called upon to free their minds. But I have done my duty. I am disgusted with the whole lot of them, that Goddard in particular; but they have got it now. I wonder what they'll say!" I am half inclined to think you wrote that article just to get up a commotion and to make times lively. No one expects you to condemn a vice that you are every day practicing; you are the one who *enjoys* the vice, and what a masterpiece of inconsistency for *you* to condemn it. Perhaps it is all the comfort you take in life. What a pity, nay what a *crime*, to ask you to throw away your only enjoyment. Why, I have no doubt that quid is sweeter than honey-comb to you now; but how was it the first time you favored yourself with a chew? Bah! I think the man who said that a cigar was a roll of tobacco leaves, with a fire at one end and a fool at the other, had a grain of common sense. I was much surprised to learn that thousands of children would "be in a state of starvation if tobacco were taken out of the world"—as if there wasn't anything else to cultivate. I can't say that I know of any children who go to bed hungry because their fathers use tobacco, but I know of a woman who has suffered, at intervals, for nearly six months with decayed teeth, because she could not get two dollars to pay the dentist for extracting them, while her husband spent that amount every month for tobacco. Last week she couldn't see out of either eye her face was swollen so badly, but the husband munched the cud as contentedly as though an aching tooth was never known.

"Why do people have such a prejudice against tobacco?" Well, I don't know that any one has a prejudice against it as *tobacco*; sure enough, God placed it upon the earth, and I don't know as it is any more of a curse than burdocks, or any other nuisance, as long as it is let alone. (I have a great dislike for burdocks; very sinful, but fearfully true.) As soon as man lays his hand on tobacco, and converts it into plugs, pig-tails and cigars, then it becomes a curse, and you know it; but if I were you I wouldn't admit it; be consistent, my friend, be consistent. "A curse to all mankind—God forbid!" Yes, God forbid that it become a curse to *all* mankind. God grant that the evil may be stayed. "For all to enjoy, and I am happy to say that many do enjoy it." Well, I am happy to say there are many who don't enjoy it. I don't want you to think by what I have written that I think it is a curse to *you*. O, no! but I shouldn't wonder if it is to your family. So you look forward to the time when all, both "male and female, shall use it?" When that illustrious day shall rise, you can look back over the past and think with pleasure of the part you played in bringing about such a glorious state of affairs. Perhaps you will be granted a pension in consideration of your praiseworthy efforts; a statue may be erected to your memory at your demise, ornamented no doubt with various representations of the weed, and suitably inscribed.

Yours for reform, M. J. M.
Bridgetown, N. S.

CHICKEN A LA MILANAISE. When the chicken or young fowl is drawn and washed, cut into fillets. Mix two ounces of grated Parmesan cheese with some sifted bread crumbs; roll the fillets in this mixture and then in the beaten yolk of egg. Then roll them in the bread and cheese mixture, season them with pepper and salt and fry in hot fat until a rich brown. Serve hot on a purée of tomato.

Maine Farmer.

Augusta, Nov. 25, 1886.

TERMS OF THE MAINE FARMER.

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Postage free to all subscribers.

Collectors' Notices.

J. W. Kellogg will call upon our subscribers in Aroostook county during November.

C. S. Ayer will call upon our subscribers in West Kennebec county during November.

By the death of Ex-President Arthur, Rutherford B. Hayes is the only living Ex-President.

The fall term at the Maine State College closed Friday, and the students nearly all left for home Friday evening. They have a vacation of eleven weeks.

Mr. Geo. M. Whitaker, the popular editor of the *New England Farmer*, read a paper before the Press Association at Boston, recently, on "The Country Journalist."

Doctors say that the annual number of deaths from consumption in Maine, as well as in other parts of New England, is rapidly diminishing. This must be the experience of our older population who live with their eyes open.

Mrs. Joseph Houlton, wife of the first settler of Houlton, was the first white woman in Aroostook county. She went there in the summer of 1807, 79 years ago. Their habitation was a camp, not even a log house had then been built.

Over one hundred thousand people in Ohio have been induced by Francis Murphy to sign the total abstinence pledge. If half of the signers have kept the pledge lots of homes have been made happy, and lots of saloon keepers disconsolate.

The Old Farmers' Almanac for 1887, published by Wm. Ware & Co., Boston, is received. This is number 95 of the Almanac established by Robert B. Thomas, in 1793. The quantities are given in standard time, the time of the 75th meridian west of Greenwich, now in general use.

A tasteful little book by Carrie L. Dinzey, Boston, is entitled "Souvenir," and contains a calendar for the coming year, while a page is devoted to verses appropriate to each month, and space is also arranged for record of anniversaries. It would make a pleasing gift for holiday time. For sale in Augusta by J. F. Pierce.

On one occasion Sam Jones, the revivalist, called for the man who had never said a cross word to his wife to get up. One solitary man stood up. It was an old bachelor. Suppose he had asked some man to arise who had never spoken an ugly word to his mother. The response would have come from some dumb person.

Capt. John H. Drew of Farmingdale, left on Monday for New York, where he takes his ship for another long voyage. His second son, John, 17 years of age, goes with him; the older son is in Philadelphia with Mr. W. P. Drew, formerly of this city. His daughter is the village school teacher. We publish a communication from the Captain on the fourth page.

The great thing about Fred Archer, the noted English jockey who died recently, is said to have been his absolute honesty. His incorruptible integrity, united with courage and judgment, made him from boyhood trusted and sought for by the best men on the turf, and won for him a fortune of $1,000,000. There were some men for whom he would not ride for any money.

Sergeant Kelly was liberated on Friday last, having served out his time. He passed through Bath, on his way to his family at Small Point. He said his plans for the future are not formed. He talked freely of the shooting and the trial. He says the pistol was used merely to intimidate, and the shooting was entirely accidental. He thinks the pistol must have caught in his coat in some way.

The work of shipping ice from the Penobscot is about closed for the season. The product has all been sold with the exception of 500 or 600 tons, and parties are now negotiating for that. About the same prices have been received as on the Kennebec. If all the conditions are favorable this season 75,000 tons more ice will be cut than last winter. This will of course make Bangor a much better market than it is now.

At the November meeting of the directors of the Massachusetts Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in Boston, President Angell reported the reception of a legacy of $500 from the estate of D. D. Kelly of East Boston, and another of the same amount from the estate of Benjamin Thaxter of Boston. A committee was appointed to urge legislation for the protection of animals in the Territories. The society's Boston officers have dealt with 169 cases of cruelty during the month, and killed 56 horses and other animals. There are now 5282 bands of mercy in the United States and Canada.

The production of gold and silver in the world during the calendar year 1885 was: Gold, $101,580,000; silver, calculated at its coining value, nearly $125,000,000. Notwithstanding the large depreciation in the value of silver, the production of silver in the world has steadily increased. The United States still preserves first rank among the nations of the world as the largest producer of the precious metals, its production of gold and silver during the year having reached the sum of $83,400,000, or about two-fifths of the production of the whole world. The coinage of gold by the nations of the world during the calendar year amounted to about $95,000,000 and of silver to about $97,000,000.

The *Eastport Sentinel* rises from its ashes with the alacrity of the fabled phœnix, and is more beautiful and tasty than ever. It publishes views of the place before the fire, and almost startling pictures of the devastation made by the conflagration. Although we have read about it and thought about it, the destruction can scarcely be realized by a person at a distance. Under the heading, "The world not all a fleeting show," the *Sentinel* expresses the profound thanks of the stricken people for the timely and generous aid from other places, without which the prospect for business and the town's future would be dark indeed. A column of "building notes" is published, showing that the place is being rapidly rebuilt. The business men there are full of pluck and energy. The rates of renewal of insurance upon dwelling houses have been doubled since the fire, and will probably continue so until some better facilities for protection from fire is provided. The *Sentinel* is now printed in a dwelling house, where it will remain until a new office on the business street is provided for it.

The annual prospectus of the *Eastern Argus* is out, and continued attractions are offered to its patrons for the coming year. The life of this well known paper bridges over the time from the administration of Thomas Jefferson to the present period. The *Daily Argus* supplies its readers with the world's news up to the latest moment, condensed and conveniently arranged for the ready inspection of the reader. Terms, $6.00 a year, or $7.00 in advance, free of postage. The Tri-Weekly is published on the following terms: One copy $3.50 a year, or $3.00 in advance, free of postage; six months $1.50, three months $1.00, advance payment. The Weekly, which contains the very cream of the other publications, in a condensed and sifted form, embracing everything which is deemed suitable and requisite for a first class business and family newspaper, and that will make it acceptable and valuable to its many readers, young and old alike, is furnished subscribers on the following terms: One copy one year, free of postage, $2.00; or $1.50 when paid in advance. Clubs of 10, free of postage, advance payment, $10.00.

Thanksgiving Day.

Although in our New England States, November is one of the dreariest and most dismal months, yet this joyous festival which we are celebrating to-day, does much to impart warmth and enjoyment to this bleak and sombre season. We can seem to hear the grand chorus of friendly greetings, of warm hand clasps, of loving caresses, as many are welcomed back to the hearthstone where they formerly made light and sunshine by their youthful presence and lightsome hearts. We can see the happy company gathered about the festal board, which is groaning under the burden of good things. As the feast progresses, how the tongues are unloosed and the merry jokes fly round; and after the board is cleared how the children romp and race through grandma's house, while their elders sit by the crackling, cheery open fire, and renew their youth. In how many of our homes to-day are there these joyful scenes? Many, very many, we trust, and yet there are places, which some people call home, that are never gladdened by any such cheerful scenes, where all they have to give thanks for is grim and gaunt poverty. Let us, whose crops have been abundant, whose tables are filled with good things, remember, on this day of all others, those who have not even the necessities of life, and make their hearts to rejoice, not only by the bestowal of earthly goods, but also by cheery words and loving messages. Oh! what a glad and happy time this Thanksgiving season can be made for all, if only we enter into it in the right spirit!

But in the midst of all this rejoicing, some minor tones are heard. To some, this is a day of sorrow, for as they gather around the festive table, they miss the dear form, the bright face, the loving glance of some dear one who last year gladdened all their hearts by their presence. To such afflicted ones may the consolation of the Gospel bring comfort and peace. Although many have suffered personal afflictions during the past twelve months, yet, in the main, it has been a very prosperous year; and we would "*tink ob our marcies*," as Aunt Chloe says, and reckon up the blessings that have been bestowed upon us.

As a nation, we have been protected from the bloody sword and wasting pestilence; the hand of the assassin has not been lifted against our rulers; everywhere has the influence of peace and justice been felt, and wherever any uprisings have occurred, they have been speedily quelled by the firm arm of law. The chiefs of the Chicago anarchists, who attempted to deal out wholesale destruction and death to law-abiding citizens, are to suffer the full penalty of the law next month. Some of the prominent men of our nation have been called hence to a higher life; among the last of these to be summoned was Ex-President Arthur, whose pure, unassuming life was such a blessing to his family and friends; and will be an inspiration to all people to lead virtuous lives.

As a State, our harvests have been abundant; the different departments of business have prospered; our schools have grown still better, and more care has been taken to compel the attendance of the children. We still feel the advancing tread of civilization, as has been attested by the fact that the iron horse has extended his pathway to parts hitherto not reached. So, enumerating our blessings, public, private and individual, we all can certainly find enough to fill our hearts with thanksgiving and gladness for one short day. So let all sorrow and gloom be banished, and mirth and cheer reign triumphant. Let us all recall the significance of Thanksgiving, how much this feast, which we celebrate year after year with so little thought of its origin, meant to the Pilgrim Fathers. They endured months and years of privations, suffered cold and hunger, lost many of their number by disease, yet when a good harvest filled their barns they felt the need of a public manifestation of their thankfulness; thus first was Thanksgiving kept by the Pilgrim Fathers in the little colony of Plymouth, gradually spreading through New England, and now has become a National Festival. Let this story of our brave hearted forefathers be told to each small child, by each fireside throughout this broad land, and thus teach them the reason of upholding and perpetuating this grand institution.

The Cup of Cold Water.

The following beautiful original poem re-arranged for the dedicatory exercises of Good Templars' Hall, Riverside, Nov. 18, 1886, was read on that occasion by the author, Mrs. Anna Sargent Hunt of Augusta:

It was only a dream that she told me,
But its mem'ry is fresh in my mind;
And so fast in its spell doth it hold me,
I am seeking some meaning to find.
So, in rhyme I will tell you the story
As it came from the lips of my friend,
And I would that it beam with the glory
Which her telling would certainly lend.

"I'd been thinking" she said, while I listened,
"Of the far-reaching work to be done;
And that never for me"—a tear glistened—
"Might the crown of the victor be won.
I was grieved that no *great* tasks were given
Whose performance would honor His name,
No commission straight out of the heaven—
And I thought I would watch till it came.

But it seemed that a voice was saying,
You are breaking your faith with your Lord,
For His bidding awaits your obeying,
And your field is both needy and broad.
Then I slept, but it seemed that I tarried
Where a fountain was sparkling so bright,
And my name was called quickly and carried
To my ear from the plain or the height.

Then I turned me, and no one was near me,
But I heard in the distance a cry,
"I've been calling but no one will hear me,
And I thirst, oh, come quick ere I die"—
Why should I for a stranger be troubled?
I had something *important* to do;
While I waited, excuses were doubled,
But the pleading more pitiful grew.

Then my heart said, why is it you falter?
How unworthy your seeking for fame,
Speed away with a cup of cold water—
Oh, delay not to give in His name.
So I drew from the pure gleaming fountain
Blessed draught that was cool to the taste,
And I hied me away to the mountain,
O'er the parched and desolate waste.

But the plain it was barren and dreary,
And the pathway so rough to my feet
That despite a brave heart I grew weary,
And I almost sank down with the heat.
I was hindered full oft, and embarrassed
By the trees that lay low in the way,
Pressing on, though uncertain and harassed,
For long shadows were veiling the day.

But the voice, and my love for the Master,
When I faltered, gave courage anew,
And my feet on my errand flew faster,
And my zeal to intensity grew.
But alas! how I feared that the water
Would be spilled in the gathering night,
And that *she* would not know how I sought her
With the draught that had sparkled so bright.

Oh, the wildwood was tangled! I dared not
Let the cup go a hand-breadth before,
For my ease or my comfort I cared not,
If I guarded the treasure I bore.
So aloft it was carried—a mountain
Must be climbed, for perhaps she was there.
Oh, how far I had roamed from the fountain,
But I must not, I *would not* despair.

* * * * * * * *

Now the darkness was deep and unbroken,
And the night winds blew wildly and cold.
Just beyond me I heard my name spoken,
And the tale of my journey was told.
"You are come! oh, a drink of cold water
I must have for this terrible thirst!"
But how little, if any, I'd brought her,
How my heart shrank from telling the worst.

Then I looked, and lo! none had been wasted,
For my cup was still brimming and clear,
And the water was cool that she tasted,
How rebuked were my doubts and my fear.
All at once such a light out of heaven,
As illumined the gloom of the night;
Such a glimpse in my weariness given
Of a presence ineffably bright.

'Twas my Savior, my Guide, my Defender,
Who had guarded me all the way through,
And with look that was loving and tender,
Spoke the *old* words that always are *new*,
"Whosoever shall give, I say truly,
In the name of a child of the Lord,
Just a cup of cold water, he surely
Shall in no wise e'er lose his reward."

* * * * * * * *

O my friend, do you tremblingly falter,
Still delaying His service to do?
Then take gladly your cup of cold water
To His little ones watching for you.
For their poverty, sin, and their sorrow,
You may bear them some gift from their Lord.
Then go quickly, nor wait for the morrow,
And His presence shall be *your* reward.

There are appetites' chains to be broken,
They will yield, it may be, to *your* hand,
And *your* words if but tenderly spoken
Will shed brightness and peace thro' our land.
Then aloft wave the temperance banner
Of the "Riverside Lodge" that you love,
Marching on with triumphant Hosanna,
With your trust in your Leader above.

And some day you may find how God treasured
Just the humblest of work you have done,
And how harvests, eternal, unmeasured,
Shall be *yours*, as a recompense won.
For at last by that Riverside yonder
Where the crystal tide washes the shore,
There may gather the ones that now wander,
Whom *you* rescued, and safe evermore.

We are authorized to state that Worthy Master Robie of the State Grange, has made arrangements with the National Grange, so that the National Lecturer, Hon. Mortimer Whitehead of New Jersey, will be present at the opening of the State Grange, at Augusta, on the 21st of December, and will deliver an address. He is a very eloquent and popular lecturer, and we hope arrangements will be made for a general attendance by the Patrons of our State. The exact time will be hereafter announced.

A petition is being extensively circulated in Washington county and the eastern part of the State directed to the coming legislature asking that a pension be allowed the widow of Lyman O. Hill, the murdered game warden. Besides the widow there are five fatherless children, all in rather destitute circumstances.

General Booth in Augusta.

Gen. Wm. Booth of London, England, the originator and founder of the Salvation Army, is making a tour of this country; Augusta was one of the places visited, and last Friday was the day. Salvationists, male and female, gathered from all parts of the State, many corps being represented; and when the afternoon train rolled into the depot, bearing the General, he had such a reception as has been accorded to few notables. It plainly demonstrated that General Booth is to the Salvation Army what Wesley was to the Methodists, and Ignatius Levola was to the Jesuits. Some one hundred soldiers were holding a meeting in Market square, singing their weird and boisterous songs, accompanied by a band of music. The General, attended by Major Smith, on alighting from the car, was taken in a landau and driven to the square, where he was surrounded by the enthusiastic soldiery, who shouted "Amen," waved their gay banners, rattled their tamborines, threw their caps in the air, and made other demonstrations of joy. The General is nearly seventy years old, is tall, with straight figure, aquiline nose, gray eyes, clear and piercing, and full iron gray hair and beard. He briefly addressed the crowd that gathered about the carriage, saying that the Salvation Army is engaged in a fight with satan, and called upon all good men and women to lend their support and sympathy.

But the grand demonstration came off at Granite Hall in the evening, every part of the hall being filled though an admission fee was charged. The Salvationists entered, marching in procession, the band playing the air "Marching Through Georgia," and occupied the stage. Then followed singing, prayers, and brief and joyous testimonies from saved men, many of them reclaimed from the gutter. As they were crying "Hallelujah!" "Amen!" and "Cut 'em from under, Lord!" the bass drum being beaten by a muscular Christian, Gen'l Booth entered, and the manner of his reception was almost past description. An impressive blood-and-fire meeting followed, and then the tall form of General Booth arose, and he proceeded to address the audience at length. He is a very able and effective speaker, getting hold of the minds of the people, and repeating a good thing two or three times, until he is sure it has taken hold. At every good point a mighty and stentorian "Amen" would go up from the red-jerseyed cohorts. The General said that the Salvation Army's work could not be explained, it must be seen in all the details of the work; then all prejudice would vanish. It has an angelic purpose: it goes to the home of the drunkard, and sweeps him into the kingdom. Twenty-one years ago, in the great metropolis of London, seeing the necessities of the low and outcast classes, he had founded the Salvation Army, the meetings being held at first in the open air, in tents, and afterwards in barracks. It did effective work among the gin palaces. No thoughts of the present methods were then entertained: these have come of themselves, as the necessity for them has been shown. Now, nineteen countries have been taken possession of by the Army; Canada alone has 600 officers; and to-day there are 1700 corps. He predicted that in 1900 there would be 40,000 corps, and 100,000 salaried officers. He denied that the Army was a source of revenue to him. The weakest part of his address was his covert attack upon the Christian church, and asking the ridiculously silly question, "what has the church done?" The church was a mighty moral power in the world before Gen. Booth was thought of, and it is to-day, in its various departments, "the light of the world," inaugurating and sustaining nearly all the moral and beneficent institutions of the land.

Upon the whole, the affair was a very successful one, and reminded us of a regular old-fashioned fire-and-brimstone Methodist revival meeting, such as made each individual hair stand on end, in our more youthful days.

Meeting of Trustees of State College.

The annual meeting of the State College Trustees was held at the College farm house, Orono, Tuesday, Nov. 23d. There were present Hon. Lynden Oak, Garland, President; Wm. T. Haines, Esq., Waterville, Secretary; Hon. Z. A. Gilbert, North Greene; Gen. R. B. Shepard, Skowhegan; Capt. C. W. Keyes, Farmington; Hon. A. M. Robinson, Dover; Arthur L. Moore, Esq., Limerick; Hon. E. E. Parkhurst, Maysville.

The Board organized in the reëlection of Hon. Lynden Oak, President, and Wm. T. Haines, Esq., Secretary, and the same with A. M. Robinson, Esq., Executive Committee. Hon. Z. A. Gilbert, Hon. E. E. Parkhurst and Gen. R. B. Shepard, Farm Committee.

The reports of the President and of the several other members of the Faculty were presented and accepted. The President's report showed the college to be in a flourishing condition in all its departments. The late disturbance among the students has entirely subsided, and the term closed with the work in all the classes going on with full ranks and in good order. The institution was never in more flourishing condition than at the present time. The needed appropriations for instruction and for the miscellaneous running expenses, will be asked for of the coming legislature. It was also decided to ask for an appropriation of $5000 to replace the stock on the farm. This becomes an absolute necessity. The farm, as an appliance to the institution, amounts to nothing without stock, and there are no funds in possession of the college which can be devoted to this purpose. The legislature then is the only place to look for money for this purpose.

OUTRAGES IN SURRY. The poachers in northeastern Maine seem determined to keep up their reputation as marauders. A correspondent of the Mt. Desert *Herald* reports that while Walter Young, a boy 17 years old, was cutting hoop poles near the foot of Patten's pond, his attention was attracted by the report of guns just across the pond some 50 rods distant, where he saw three men with guns. It was very calm, and he heard one say, at the same time pointing at him, "There is a good mark to shoot at," and in a moment one of them raised his gun and Young dodged behind a rock. Instantly a bullet whizzed over his head, then bullet after bullet followed. Finding himself in a tight place, he crawled back into the woods and ran across a clearing, when another shot just cleared his head. He dropped to the ground, cutting an ugly gash across his stomach. Some fifteen bullets were fired. The parties are known and will probably be arrested. Mrs. Glass had a washtub near the spot where the men were, riddled with bullets, where she had been washing at the pond. While Irvin Withee, aged 14, was in the woods gunning, two unknown men who were hunting approached him, and taking away his gun tied his hands behind him, and were proceeding to tie his feet and lash him to a tree, when becoming frightened by his screams they ran away, leaving his hands tied. He being unable to release them, was obliged to go home for help.

REJOICING HARTLAND. The formal opening of the Sabasticook & Moosehead Railroad to Hartland, was celebrated there Wednesday—one of the largest crowds of people being in attendance that was ever seen together in that part of the country. The trains from Pittsfield to that place were heavily loaded, and three bands of music were in attendance. In the evening the whole town was illuminated, many of the displays being very elaborate, especially those at the residences of Hon. A. Linn, G. J. Shaw and Mr. Patterson. A concert at the Baptist church was held in the evening, the Athens and Norridgewock bands participating. A large mass meeting was held presided over by Col. J. O. Bradbury of Hartland, speeches being made by G. A. Matthews, President of the Monson Railroad; Hon. Thomas Temple, M. P., President of the S. & M. Railroad; Hon. J. B. Ham of Lewiston, L. H. Webb, Esq., of Skowhegan, and Congressman Milliken. Guns were fired from the common, and a fine display of fireworks sent off. A grand ball took place at Academy Hall. Work was commenced on the road August 14th, and the work was undertaken by Jas. Mitchell, the contractor, who completed his work and had the cars running on the day specified.

The City Treasurer of Biddeford, O. F. Page, has been elected cashier of the First National Bank of Cawker City, Kansas, and manager of the Security Investment Company. He has resigned the office of treasurer of the Biddeford Savings Bank, to take effect in February.

Death of Ex-President Arthur.

Chester Allan Arthur, twenty-first President of the United States, died at his residence in New York city, at three o'clock on Friday morning last. This event, although sudden to the public, was not unexpected to those who have been accurately advised as to the condition of his health for a series of months. He was not at all benefitted by his trip to New London, and there was no improvement in his physical condition through all the summer months of rest. General Arthur knew that the end was rapidly approaching, and that there was no prospect of his living through the coming winter. To his intimate friends he spoke of the end that was coming with the greatest courage and resignation. His death, while not entirely unexpected, will nevertheless come as a shock to a country that will mourn his loss with genuine grief, while it accords him a high place among the distinguished statesmen who have gained to themselves fame by exalted and patriotic services. The cause of General Arthur's death was the rupture of a small blood vessel in the brain, which occurred early Wednesday morning. It was not looked for, and is liable to come to a well as a sick man. The General has suffered for about two years from an enlarged and feeble heart and from Bright's disease.

Mr. Arthur was born in Fairfield, Franklin county, Vt., Oct. 5, 1830. His father, Rev. Wm. Arthur, was a Baptist clergyman who had come to this country at the age of eighteen, from the county of Antrim, Ireland. The early education of the future President was acquired in the schools of Vermont, and at the age of fifteen he entered Union College at Schenectady, N. Y., graduating with honor in the class of 1849. After his graduation he spent some two years in teaching, carrying on in the meantime the study of the law. He was admitted to the bar, and began the practice of his profession in New York, where he soon built up a successful practice and gained an enviable reputation as a lawyer. Mr. Arthur identified himself with the whig party and took an active interest in politics, but became a republican on the Kansas-Nebraska issue. He was on the staff of Gen. Morgan, and afterwards inspector-general and still later quartermaster-general of the military forces of the State, an office which he held during the first two years of the war of the rebellion. He then returned to the practice of his profession, and was very active in politics. He was appointed by President Grant collector of customs at the port of New York in 1871 and was re-appointed in 1875. In 1878 he retired from the position under the rules of the civil service act. At the Chicago convention of 1880, Mr. Arthur was placed on the ticket with Gen. Garfield, as candidate for the Vice Presidency of the United States. During the special session of the Senate, which followed his election and inauguration on March 3, 1881, he presided with dignity and general acceptance. On the 19th of September, 1881, the death of President Garfield occurred, as the result of the assassin's shot on the 2d of the previous July, and Gen. Arthur succeeded to the high office of the presidency. During that fearful crisis his tender sympathy and noble bearing won the admiration and respect of the nation. His administration of the Presidential office was marked with sterling common sense and patriotic impulses. From the day he took the oath of office as President of the United States, he never faltered in the elevated and dignified course that marked his administration. On all the great questions of the day, when they came before him for executive consideration and action, he took broad and prudent ground, having an eye wholly to the welfare of the country, regardless of mere party considerations. His suggestions to Congress were always characterized by the same practical wisdom, and even when confronted by a hostile majority he did not hesitate to plainly, though decorously, avow his opinions as to public needs. On all matters pertaining to finance, the currency, the revenue and other economic questions, he took the safest, wisest and most commendable course. He ignored sectionalism, and considered himself not merely the President of a party but the executive of the whole country.

On learning of Gen. Arthur's death, the President issued the following:

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, Nov. 18.

To the People of the United States:

It is my painful duty to announce the death of Chester Allan Arthur, lately President of the United States, which occurred after an illness of long duration, at an early hour this morning, at his residence in the city of New York. Mr. Arthur was called to the chair of the Chief Magistracy of the Union by a tragedy which cast its shadow over the entire country. His assumption of the grave duties was marked by an evident and conscientious sense of his responsibilities, and an earnest desire to meet them in a patriotic and benevolent spirit. With dignity and ability he sustained the important duties of his station, and the reputation of his personal worth, conspicuous graciousness and patriotic fidelity will long be cherished by his fellow countrymen.

In token of respect to the memory of the deceased, it is ordered that the Executive Mansion and the several department buildings be draped in mourning for the period of 30 days, and that on the day of the funeral all public business in the departments be suspended. The Secretaries of War and of the Navy will cause orders to be issued for appropriate military and naval honors to be rendered on that day.

By the President:
(Signed) GROVER CLEVELAND.

The funeral took place on Monday, was very quiet and altogether without display. The remains were taken from the house in the vicinity of which thousands of people assembled, and borne to the Episcopal church, where the simple but impressive service was performed. The coffin was not opened at the church. The President, cabinet, and many other distinguished persons were present. After the service the remains were taken to Albany, where they were interred in Rural cemetery. Bishop Doane of Albany, offered prayer and pronounced the benediction. Earth was thrown in the grave and pressed down, and when the dusk of evening began to settle on the forest and hill, the newly made mound was covered with sod.

PATRONS OF HUSBANDRY. The National Grange at Philadelphia, adjourned on Thursday evening, *sine die*. The session's report on agriculture, a voluminous document, presented by Gov. Robie of Maine, was discussed at length.

A stormy scene occurred at the afternoon's session, when the question of Woman's Rights came up for discussion. The lady delegates warmly favored what they considered an advancement of their condition, and to get the subject before the meeting caused to be appended to the report of the committee on agriculture a clause declaring the order in favor of the extension of the rights of women. Acting upon the supposition that the committee's report would be adopted as a whole they incorporated in their own report a request that the matter be taken up by States.

W. A. Armstrong of New York, opened the ball with an earnest speech in which he said he hoped the clause would remain.

Gen. J. N. Lipscomb, Secretary of the State of South Carolina, thought the matter of woman's political privileges entirely outside the purposes of the order.

Gov. Robie of Maine warmly seconded Mr. Armstrong's position, and speeches in favor of retaining the clause were made by Madames E. S. Johnson of California, Addie S. Hale of Connecticut and others. Gen. Lipscomb was supported by J. M. Blanton of Virginia, T. H. Kimbrough of Georgia, Governor-elect C. G. Luce of Michigan and W. R. Williams of North Carolina and several others from the South.

After a long debate a motion to strike out was carried 28 to 9; all others refused to vote.

We understand that I. C. Libby of Burnham, E. W. Shaw and C. H. Merrill of Newport, copartners in the wool business, have recently sold their this year's purchase, amounting to between forty and fifty thousand dollars worth to Rodliff & Eaton of Boston. It will take twenty cars to transport this wool, Maine's product, to Boston.

The *Farmington Chronicle* is out of the flames, and appears again in regular size. It will take more than one conflagration to dampen the ardor of the *Chronicle* and its enterprising publishers and editors. The paper has a neat, new dress throughout, and has a very handsome appearance. The friends of the old paper have come joyfully and helpfully forward to the rescue, right in the nick of time.

Will Carleton, in his lecture the other night, declared that David Barker, notwithstanding some crudities in his composition, was one of the bravest and truest poets that ever lived.

A National Thanksgiving.

The First Proclamation by President Lincoln in 1863.

The year that is drawing toward its close has been filled with the blessings of fruitful fields and healthful skies. To those bounties, which are so constantly enjoyed that we are prone to forget the Source from which they come, others have been added which are of so extraordinary a nature that they can not fail to penetrate and soften even the heart which is habitually insensible to the ever-watchful providence of Almighty God.

In the midst of a civil war of unequaled magnitude and severity, which has sometimes seemed to invite and provoke the aggressions of foreign States, peace has been preserved with all nations, order has been maintained, the laws have been respected and obeyed, and harmony has prevailed everywhere except in the theater of military conflict, while that theater has been greatly contracted by the advancing armies and navies of the Union.

The needful diversions of wealth and strength from the fields of peaceful industry to the National defense have not arrested the plow, the shuttle or the ship. The ax has enlarged the borders of our settlements, and the mines, as well of iron and coal as of the precious metals, have yielded even more abundantly than heretofore. Population has steadily increased, notwithstanding the waste that has been made in the camp, the siege, and the battle-field; and the country, rejoicing in the consciousness of augmented strength and vigor, is permitted to expect continuance of years with large increase of freedom.

No human counsel hath devised, nor hath any mortal hand worked out these great things. They are the gracious gifts of the Most High God, who, while dealing with us in anger for our sins, hath nevertheless, remembered mercy.

It has seemed to me fit and proper that they should be solemnly, reverently, and gratefully acknowledged as with one heart and voice by the whole American people. I do therefore invite my fellow-citizens, in every part of the United States, and also those who are at sea and those who are sojourning in foreign lands, to set apart and observe the last Thursday of November as a day of Thanksgiving and prayer to our beneficent Father, who dwelleth in the heavens. And I recommend to them that, while offering up the ascriptions justly due to Him for such singular deliverances and blessings, they do also, with humble penitence for our National perverseness and disobedience commend to His tender care all those who have become widows, orphans, mourners or sufferers in the lamentable civil strife in which we are unavoidably engaged, and fervently implore the interposition of the Almighty hand to heal the wounds of the Nation, and to restore it, as soon as may be consistent with the Divine purposes, to the full enjoyment of peace, harmony, tranquility and union.

In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington this third day of October, in the year of our Lord, 1863, and of the independence of the United States the eighty-eighth.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

By the President:
WILLIAM H. SEWARD, Sec'y of State.

DEATH OF CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS. Hon. Charles Francis Adams died Sunday morning at his residence on Mt. Vernon street, Boston. He had suffered five years by brain trouble, resulting from overtaxation of the brain. He was the third son of John Quincy Adams, was born in Boston, Aug. 16, 1807, receiving a large part of his youthful education abroad while his father was Minister to foreign courts. He graduated at Harvard in 1825, then commenced the study of law, being admitted to the bar in 1828. He represented Boston five years in the Legislature, three years in the Senate, and was also editor of the Boston Whig. In 1848 he was nominated by the Free Soil party for Vice President on the ticket with Martin Van Buren.

In 1858 he was elected by the republicans of the Third district to represent them in Congress and was reëlected in 1860, but served only until 1861, when he was appointed Minister to England by President Lincoln and served in that position until 1868. He fully sustained the high reputation his father and grandfather established as a diplomat. In 1871 he was commissioned as a member of the Board of Arbitrators who met at Geneva, Switzerland, to settle the Alabama claims. In 1876 he was the democratic candidate for Governor of Massachusetts. His position as Minister to England during the Civil War was most difficult, but the duties were performed with tact and discretion.

He was quite extensively engaged in literature, edited the revolutionary correspondence of his grandfather and grandmother which was published in 1841; has published about ten volumes of the works of John Adams, of which he was editor, and also published twelve volumes of the works of J. Q. Adams. He became eminent both as a statesman and political economist, and Harvard, in 1864, conferred upon him the degree of LL. D. His wife, who survives him, was the daughter of Peter Brooks, of Medford, whom he married fifty-eight years ago, and had five sons and two daughters. Two have died. Those living are Hon. John Quincy, Hon. Charles Francis, Henry Brooks and Mary, the latter the wife of Dr. Quincy, of Dedham.

RAISING OUR OWN SUGAR. Professor Peter Collier, formerly chemist of the agricultural department at Washington, who made experiments there in sorghum culture and the making of sorghum sugar, and has been ever since an enthusiastic advocate of that plant as a source of sugar supply, is confirmed by the experiences of this year in his conviction that sugar can be made on a large scale from sorghum, at a cost of one cent a pound or less. He says these are "established facts:" 1st, sorghum can be grown at a cost per acre not greater than that of corn, which in Kansas is not more than four dollars, and is often less, while sugar cane costs forty dollars an acre for planting and cultivation. 2d, the average yield per acre in tons of cane is for sorghum, at least two-thirds that of sugar cane, and often fully equal. 3d, the seed of sorghum is identical in the amount and character of its nutritious constituents with Indian corn, and can be used for all purposes for which corn is used, and the crop of seed per acre is equal to that of corn in bushels. If, therefore, it will pay to raise corn, it will pay to raise sorghum for the seed alone. 4th, the stalks of well matured sorghum, after the seed is ripe, contain as much juice and as rich in crystallizable sugar as the best Louisiana sugar cane. 5th, the juice may be expressed and reduced by the same processes employed in producing cane sugar. 6th, the cost of working a ton of sorghum for sugar and molasses ought not and generally does not exceed one dollar, and the product will average one hundred pounds to the ton. That is to say, the sorghum farmer is in the same position that he would be in if after raising a crop of corn he could get a hundred pounds of sugar from a ton of his green corn stalks, at a cost of one cent a pound.

In one year no less than a million pounds of animal food wholly unfit for consumption, was seized in New York city, and notwithstanding the utmost watchfulness on the part of the officers, much improper food is smuggled through the official blockade and finds its way to the unfastidious purchaser. The attempt to sell diseased or stale animal food is but one of the many dangerous frauds from which it is necessary to protect the public. The effect of such food upon consumers is liable to be fatal. During the rebellion the North was filled with horror when a Confederate agent in Canada was said to have formed a plan to spread small-pox through the Federal ranks. Undoubtedly the suggestion was hideous and devilish, but how much less so is the work of the trade ghouls who for the sake of a few miserable dollars deliberately expose hundreds and thousands of their fellow-creatures to imminent risk of disease or death?

The thirteenth annual session of the Maine State Grange, Patrons of Husbandry, will be held at Meonian Hall, Augusta, December 21st to 23d, 1886. The hotels will board members at same price as at time of last annual session. The Maine Central, Knox & Lincoln, Bangor & Piscataquis, Bridgton & Saco River, Grand Trunk and New Brunswick railway companies will sell round trip tickets over their respective roads, December 20th, 21st and 22d. Valid for a return December 25th, inclusive. All other railway companies, except Boston & Maine, will honor free return certificates given by the secretary of the Grange at the meeting.

T. B. HUNTER,
for Executive Committee.

The corn, bean and tomato packing season is over, and the packers have figured up the results. It has been many a year since they were so satisfactory. The packers of Maine have put up this year 445,900 cases of corn. As each case contains 24 cans, the total number of cans mounts up to 10,701,600. These statistics leave out the vast quantities of Lima beans, baked beans, tomatoes, squash, etc., which have been canned, but all these products together do not come up to the output of corn. The packers have paid to Maine farmers for vegetables, nearly $400,000. These figures show of what great importance as an increment to the profits of Maine Agriculture the sweet corn canning business has become. Fully $400,000 more has been paid by the packers to their can makers and other employés.

Gen. W. S. Tilton has gone to Cleveland, Ohio, on a business and pleasure trip.

APPOINTMENTS BY THE GOVERNOR. The following appointments have been made by Governor Robie: Justice of the Peace and Quorum—Horatio B. Baker, Moscow; Llewellyn Barton, Naples; Frank S. Bowker, Phippsburg; Chas. O. Bither, Linneus; William T. Brackley, Temple; Stephen W. Carr, Bowdoinham; John H. Card, Portland; L. A. Dennett, Portland; Emery T. Getchell, Brunswick; John M. Goodwin, Biddeford; William Burton Goodwin, Biddeford; Stillman G. Googins, Waltham; J. H. S. Hewett, Thomaston; James S. Huxford, Brooks; Charles Jones, Windham; A. H. Mayo, Monroe; Orrin McFadden, Dresden; Frederick M. Laughton, Bangor; Aaron Nutting, Lisbon Falls; Rufus W. Partridge, Whitefield; Charles H. Perkins, Brooksville; Stephen C. Perry, Portland; B. Emery Pratt, Phillips; John B. Rand, Waterford; Edward C. Reynolds, Portland; J. Lyman Ripley, Andover; Eugene F. Smith, Norway; David W. Snow, Portland; B. F. Sprague, Appleton; and John C. Swasey, Canton.

Notary Public—John H. Bradford, Houlton; B. Emery Pratt, Phillips; L. M. Staples, Washington; Morrill Sprague, Dexter.

Dedimus Justices—B. Emery Pratt, Phillips; Samuel A. Myrick. Unity.

Trial Justices—Frederick W. Keegan, Hamlin Pla.; John Noble, Otisfield; Leonard D. Carver, Waterville; Franklin Wood, Winthrop; Ezekiel Doe, Thomaston; J. E. Hanly, Rockland; J. Loyalist Browne, Bowdoinham; Lyman L. Walton, Skowhegan; Abner W. Fletcher, Burnham; Bernard Rogers, Pembroke; E. K. Smart, Pembroke.

Agents for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals—William A. Kay, Houlton; William Dobson, Houlton.

Stenographic commissioner to take depositions and disclosures of trustees, (under chapter 327 of 1885 laws) Melville H. Wardwell, Bangor.

Fish and Game Wardens—S. N. Littlehale, Newry; Geo. H. McKenny, Portland; Wilson M. Dyer, Millbridge; F. P. Staples, Perham Plantation.

To administer oaths, acknowledge deeds, etc., Ella E. Tolman, Casco.

Following are appointments by the Governor not requiring confirmation: to solemnize marriages: Rollin T. Hacks, Chas. S. Wilder, Thomas J. Lewis, William C. Curtis, Charles N. Gleason, Henry E. Bray, Charles Harbutt, Thomas Sherks, Bangor; Olin T. Lovejoy, West Peru; C. L. Libby, Lewiston; Joseph N. Noble, Houlton; and Howard W. Mitchell, Saco. The Bangor gentlemen are from the Bangor Theological Seminary.

RHEUMATISM-DRESS. Flannel under-clothing—or call it wool—is not a cure for chronic rheumatism, but it is so sure a preventative that I am justified in urgently recommending its use. Nay, further, without holding extreme views like the German doctor, I would advise patients who are subject to rheumatism or rheumatic gout to adopt the woolen system of clothing almost entirely, both by night and by day. There is no reason at all why the sheets of the bed should not be of wool, pillow cases alone being linen. If this plan were adopted there would be but little chance indeed of catching a chill in bed.

Once adopted, so great would be the comfort obtained and the safety insured, that the old linen or cotton sheets would be very soon discarded. I must here warn the invalid, however, against neglecting to have these woolen sheets or thin blankets regularly washed.

I would carry my scheme of woolen day clothing so far as to permit neither linen next to the skin nor, except on particular and unavoidable dress occasions, linen anywhere; and the same rules should be carried out summer and winter.

Of the feet and limbs particular care should be taken. The shoes or boots—boots are best—ought to be strong, of the best leather, and roomy enough to admit a warm worsted sock or stocking being worn. These should be soft, and on no account should they be worn after they become damp with perspiration or otherwise. Those who suffer from chronic rheumatism have often weak right hearts; the blood does not find its way back from the feet with celerity, and heat and perspiration are the results. Thousands of people not only catch cold, but positively catch their deaths through the feet.

Why will they not be warned. Socks and stockings are cheap enough, yet I know many who spend pounds on their backs and begrudge pence on their feet. Two pairs of stockings or socks a week! This is not enough reader. If you are subject to rheumatism, or have an idiosyncrasy that points that way, or if you are ever troubled with acidity or heartburn, change the socks once a day. If you do you will live to bless the Family Doctor for giving you this hint.

Persons of the rheumatic diathesis who do not wear woolen clothing are very liable to chills from damps and draughts, but even those who do dress as I advise should not expose themselves rashly.—Family Doctor in *Cassell's Family Magazine* for December.

MAINE RELIGIOUS NEWS. At Castine, on a recent Sunday, baptism was administered by immersion, the Rev. Mr. Applebee of Eastport performing the rite. This mode of baptism has been rarely, if ever witnessed there, sprinkling being the usual way in both the Orthodox and Methodist churches. Several other persons were baptized by sprinkling the same evening and taken into the Methodist church.——The Free Baptist church at Wilton, is undergoing repairs. It is nearly completed on the outside and plastered on the inside, and the bell—weight over 1,000 pounds—and which was donated by Aaron Farmer, is hung in its place, and rang for the first time last week.——Rev. J. C. Strout, pastor of the Congregational church, Thomaston, who has shown laudable enterprise in his efforts to engage and interest the younger portion of his people, has organized a literary Society, including old and young, with the object of intellectual and moral culture.——The Free Baptists of Hallowell have thoroughly repaired their house of worship.——Mr. Charles H. Cutler of Farmington, graduate of Andover Theological Seminary of the class of '86, was ordained and installed pastor of the First Congregational church and society of Bangor, Friday evening.——The new pastor of the Congregational church, Rev. Benj. M. Wright, in Bridgton, is a graduate of Bangor Theological Seminary, and comes from Connecticut. Though young, he is evidently a growing man in his profession, and his geniality and earnest Christian endeavor prepossess the people in his favor.——Canvassers for the Bible Society of Maine find the following facts in Cumberland county: Out of the 19,792 families found by the workers in that field, 554 expressed a preference for the Adventist denomination, 1030 for the Baptist, 154 for the Christian, 3680 for the Congregational, 211 for the Episcopal, 2242 for the Free Baptist, 3323 for the Methodist, 1158 for the Roman Catholic, 378 for the Unitarian, 2136 for the Universalist, 1422 for other denominations, 1201 without preference; 6267 confessed they seldom attended any religious service; 6473 children were found not attending Sunday-school; 531 Protestant families were found destitute of the Scriptures, and all were supplied.——Four members united with the Methodist church at South Norridgewock. Seven persons were baptized by immersion last Sabbath morning by Elder Pepper and received the right hand of fellowship into the church after the morning services.——The quarterly meeting of the Church of God will be holden in the town of Clinton, Kennebec county, commencing on Friday evening, the third day of December, and continue over the Sabbath.——The people in Deer Isle have just completed a new Congregational church in the place of one burned there some years ago. The new edifice is an excellent one for so small a place. It contains eighty pews and will seat 400 people easily. The church is all ready for the dedicatory ceremonies, which will soon take place. They will be attended by Rev. J. E. Adams of Bangor.——Owing to work that is being done on the new Congregational church at North Anson, preaching will be discontinued by that denomination until further notice.——The annual meeting of the Kennebec Association of Universalists was held in Richmond on Wednesday and Thursday of last week. Considering the unfavorable state of the weather the attendance was very good on both days, and much interest was manifested in the proceedings. The Association embraces the parishes in Kennebec, Somerset and Sagadahoc counties. At the late meeting nine clergymen were present: Rev. Dr. French, and Rev. Messrs. Gledhill, Greene, Little, Aldrich, Hamilton, Whitman, Kimball and Mead.——A church was organized at the North chapel, North Kennebunkport, on Thursday evening, Nov. 11th, to be known as the Independent church, where all religious worshippers can find a home. C. E. Andrews of Biddeford, was officiating clergyman.

A HANDSOME HOLIDAY PRESENT. As the holidays are now approaching we know of no article that will prove a more useful and acceptable present, than the "Wonderful Luburg Chair." Having over fifty changes, it can be adjusted to suit any position of the body, and being one of those wonderful contrivances it seems to please everybody. It is designed for the parlor, library, or as part furnishing of any room, as a reclining, smoking or for invalid's use, lounge, bed or couch. Their prices are wonderfully low, about one-half what other makers ask. Write for descriptive catalogue to the Luburg Manufacturing Co., 145 North Eighth St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Try Carter's Little Nerve Pills for any case of nervousness, sleeplessness, weak stomach, indigestion, dyspepsia, &c., relief is sure. The only nerve medicine for the price in market. In vials at 25 cents.

The "Life of Lincoln," now running in the Century magazine, is calling forth the highest eulogiums of the press both in our own country and in England.

City News.

—A miniature ice storm visited this region on Thursday.

—Sunday was a day of royal beauty, appearing like a day late in September.

—Services are to be held on Thanksgiving day at the Universalist church.

—There are at the present time 529 patients at the Insane Hospital.

—Guy Turner, Esq., tax collector, has collected $92,509 of the taxes assessed and committed for the year 1886.

—Turkeys, chickens and geese are very plenty in the market, and a Thanksgiving dinner can be purchased at a cheap price.

—Annie H. Page and John W. Jenkins of Togus were before Commissioner Choate Saturday for selling liquor without a United States license. They settled.

—The post office was closed a portion of Monday, in respect to the memory of the late Ex-President Arthur, and the President's salute was fired at the U. S. Arsenal.

—On Monday last, there were 512 pigs at the Insane Hospital farm. The managers recently paid $100 for two Chester boars, purchased at West Chester, Pa.

—Union Thanksgiving services will be held to-day (Thursday forenoon) at eleven o'clock, at the Free Baptist church. Sermon by the pastor of the Baptist church, Rev. H. J. White.

—On a recent Sabbath, Rev. Mr. Thacher of the Unitarian church, addressed his Sunday school, commending the beneficent work of the Augusta Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to animals.

—Mrs. John F. Whitten, residing on Western Avenue, died Saturday morning, aged 53 years, after a lengthy and painful illness, enduring her sufferings with Christian fortitude. Mr. Whitten lost his only child a few months since.

—A committee from the Good Templars organization has been in session in this city, considering certain proposed amendments to the cider law, to be submitted to the next legislature. The committee will report in season for legislative action.

—A fine crayon portrait of the late Rev. W. A. P. Dillingham, life size, by an eminent Boston artist, has been placed in the vestry of the Winthrop street church in this city. The portrait is handsomely framed in oak and is a gift to the parish from his son, Dr. Thos. M. Dillingham of Boston.

—The First National Bank will remove from its present quarters, and the store now occupied by Miss Mero and Mrs. Hall will be fitted up for its accommodation, a vault built, etc. The present quarters of the bank will be entirely renovated and fitted up as an office for the Water and Gas Light companies.

—It was a rare privilege for our citizens the other evening to listen to Will Carleton, the favorite poet of New England. On the "Chain of Success," he strings his pearls of thought, that so exquisitely illustrate the natural New England life in all its phases. This charming poet may always be sure of a warm reception when he comes to Augusta.

—The new directory for Augusta, Hallowell and Gardiner, will be issued next week. The total number of names for Augusta will be 3,495; Hallowell, 1,244; Gardiner, 2,168; total, 6,907. The last directory contained 3,208, 1,197 and 1,977 names, respectively, for these towns. Increase: Augusta, 287; Hallowell, 47; Gardiner, 192; total, 527.

—The new choral society which has been formed in this city already numbers nearly a hundred members, and their purpose is the improvement of music among our citizens, where there is a vast amount of talent lying around loose and not utilized. The new organization is to be known as "The Orpheus Society," and it is officered as follows: President, A. D. Ward; Vice President, Dr. J. Q. A. Hawes, Hallowell; Treasurer, C. C. Hunt.

—A Washington despatch says: Bids were opened Saturday by the Supervising Architect of the treasury for stone and brick work and cement for the post-office building at Augusta, Maine. The bidders were: For stone work, Archie & Egerstine, Hallowell, Me., $10,542; Hallowell Granite Works, $6997; Isaac S. Bangs, Waterville, Me., $10,500; for the brick work, James Fuller & Co., Augusta, Me., $3493; Norton & Purrington, Waterville, Me., $2450; for cement, per barrel, Leigh & Wingate, Hallowell, Me., $1.48.

—A hearing on the probate of the will of Mrs. Almira C. Dummer, late of Hallowell, deceased, was had at the Probate office, Tuesday forenoon, before Judge Webster. Mr. Strout of Portland, represents those who want to break the will, and Messrs. Emery of Saco, and Bradbury of Augusta, represent those who believe that the will ought to stand. The three witnesses to the will were examined at length, and their testimony taken by two stenographic reporters. At the close of the hearing Judge Webster promptly approved and allowed the will. An appeal will be taken to the Supreme Judicial Court. The property involved is more than $100,000.

—Wednesday night the grocery stores of J. C. Rollins & Son and J. E. Adams, in Concert Hall block, State street, were forcibly entered by thieves and a quantity of money and goods stolen. The thieves gained entrance to Rollins' store by removing a pane of glass in the lower right hand corner of the street door, reaching in and pulling the bolts at the top and bottom. They took money and goods to the value of about $20. Mr. Adams' store was entered by the back door, a portion of a pane of glass being broken, so that one of the robbers reached his hand in and lifted the hasp. But before entering the main store another door fastened with a bolt was met with. This was disposed of by jumping against the door and breaking the bolt. The thieves got about $5 in money, tobacco, cigars, etc. Apparently the thieves were not experts.

—Dr. Wallace Bolan died at his residence, Soldiers' National Home, Togus, Monday, of diabetes. Dr. Bolan was born in Weld, Me., Jan. 5th, 1840, his father being Dr. A. Bolan, who practiced medicine in different portions of Franklin county. Wallace attended a preparatory school at Lewiston, and, entering Bates College, remained there about a year, afterwards studying medicine with his father. He completed his medical studies at the Medical School of Harvard University where he graduated March 11th, 1863. Immediately afterwards he entered the army as Assistant of the 19th Maine Regiment, serving his country efficiently in that capacity until 1864, when he settled in New Sharon for the practice of his profession. In 1875 he removed to Augusta, practicing medicine here for eight years, being appointed surgeon of the National Soldiers Home, Togus, in 1883, which position he has since filled with ability and faithfulness, and honor to the profession. He leaves a wife and daughter who have the sympathy of warm-hearted friends in their affliction.

—The present temperance movement in the city originated with the pastors of our churches, who, besides the moral means they have steadily employed, see the necessity of a more rigid employment of legal measures. The counsel and advice of the ministers have culminated in something practical, which will have the effect to greatly brace up and strengthen the hands and earnest purposes of the custodians of the law, who are already making it uncomfortably warm for the rumsellers. Saturday evening there was a meeting in the Methodist vestry of committees and prominent gentlemen, six of the city churches being represented, to devise measures in the interest of the temperance cause and for the continued and more rigorous enforcement of the prohibitory law. The following petition was adopted:

To the Mayor, Board of Aldermen and Common Council of the City of Augusta:

The undersigned, legal voters in Augusta, hereby petition you to enforce the law against the sale of intoxicating drinks with vigor and impartiality the same as any other law, and for this purpose to appoint such additional police force as in your judgment may be necessary. In this important work for the public welfare we pledge to you our earnest coöperation and support.

This petition is to be presented to the voters for their signatures, and a committee was raised to provide for its circulation. Hon. Anson P. Morrill, the first Maine law Governor of the State, heads the petition. It is hoped to obtain the signatures of some six or eight hundred voters.

Hood's Sarsaparilla, acting through the blood, reaches every part of the system, and in this way positively cures catarrh.

Hall's Hair Renewer is unqualifiedly indorsed by the State Assayer of Massachusetts.

Kennebec County News.

—Frank Blaisdell of Clinton, who has been in the Provinces buying sheep, is expected home with 1100 sheep.

—A. G. Starkey of China, has leased the grist mill at North Vassalboro', and will soon move there.

—John Taylor has bought the buildings and twelve acres of land on the B. C. Paine estate, Winslow.

—Joshua L. Heath, Esq., of Belgrade, formerly a well known citizen of Augusta, is dangerously ill with pneumonia.

—John B. Sawtelle of Sidney, met with a painful accident recently. Mr. Sawtelle was sinking a stone when it fell on him, breaking his leg.

—Alfred Davenport, Esq., an esteemed citizen of Chelsea, and wife, celebrated last evening the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage.

—The shoe factory pay roll in Gardiner, amounted to $2250 last week. That sum probably exceeds the combined pay rolls of any other two manufactories in the city.

—Hall C. Burleigh & Son of Vassalboro', sold five head of choice Herefords and the bull Caffel to C. M. Bailey of Winthrop, last week.

—The Vassalboro' Woolen Mills have just finished discharging a cargo of twenty-five carloads of coal, and are now unloading another cargo twice as large as the first.

—As Hon. J. R. Bodwell was going from his house to his office, in Hallowell, Thursday afternoon, he slipped on the sidewalk and fell, spraining his left wrist, but sustaining no other injury.

—Mr. Geo. M. Wentworth, ex-city marshal of Gardiner, died Sunday after a brief illness. Mr. Wentworth was city marshal at Gardiner two years during the war, and again in 1882.

—Waterville is growing. The school committee have examined some ten or a dozen children for admission to its schools, their families having moved into town within a few weeks.

—John Withee of North Vassalboro', a soldier who was wounded in the army, received a back pension last week to the amount of $1040 and $16 a month. Mr. Withee is a very deserving man.

—The Spring Loop Company, Hallowell, of which F. E. Beane is manager, has received an order for 400 looms to go into a Rhode Island mill. The invention is being tested in various New England mills.

—The well known Hambletonian mare Juno, owned by the Bryants of Winslow, was sold to Mr. A. P. Horn on Saturday. Price paid is unknown, but estimated at $250.

—Labelling at the corn factory in Vassalboro' has closed. After two or three weeks vacation the manufacture of cans will be begun, which will give employment to three men from now until canning time next fall.

—Wilson Hall, Hallowell, has been greatly improved in looks and convenience. The hall and ante-rooms and settees have been handsomely painted and everything about it is neat and tasty, so that it is a credit to the place, and in point of convenience is well arranged.

—Milton M. Stone, agent of the Hallowell Cotton Manufacturing Co., has just returned from Boston and reports matters progressing favorably for an early resumption of work in the factory, as in a few days it will be advertised for sale by auction, and the purchasers will no doubt start it up as soon as possible.

—Payson Tucker, Esq., and Arthur Sewall, Esq., of the Maine Central, are interested in the new water company at Waterville, and are to be directors. Water will probably be taken from the river near the railroad shops, and a reservoir be constructed on Davis Hill. The project of taking water from Snow Pond, once advanced, has been given up. The river water is regarded as very pure.

—Mr. W. H. Richmond of Fayette, is one of the most enterprising men in the vicinity. He has for many years operated a saw mill situated upon a small stream, which furnishes power only five or six months in the year, the stream drying up as soon as warm weather comes. Notwithstanding this drawback he has turned out a large amount of lumber, long and short, and has manufactured annually many car loads of dowels of various sizes, which find a ready sale with furniture manufacturers. Within a few weeks he has put in a thirty-horse power boiler, with all the necessary shafting and appurtenances, also two novelty wood-turning machines for turning small boxes used for pills and various other purposes. He has men and teams in the woods and on the road constantly, and employs in all twenty hands.

Maine Agricultural News.

—At a meeting of the butter company in Monroe, it was decided to make butter all winter, instead of closing the middle of this month. About nine tons have been made by the company since it started in June.

—The Canaan Agricultural Society met at the Town Hall, and were called to order by the President, A. Richardson, Esq., who had held the office for seven years and declined to serve the ensuing year, and suggested the name of R. M. Fairbanks as candidate for president, who was duly elected with the following officers: Vice Presidents, Charles Burrill, J. C. Brown; Sec., C. B. Gardner; Asst. Sec., S. R. Mitchell; Treas., J. Q. A. Butts; Trustees, Benj. Chase, A. H. Tozier, W. C. Fitzgerald, Geo. Foster, T. B. Gleason, Isaac Ames, and David Nason; Marshall, Col. Fifield Mitchell.

—Hancock County Pomona Grange met with Castine Grange, Nov. 11th. On entering the hall we met the gaze and smiles of Bro. Worthy Master Norton in the chair, surrounded by a goodly number of faithful Patrons, all to do honor to our Order. The subject before the meeting on our arrival was, "suggestions in regard to holding a county Grange fair in some central place in the county next fall." There were many different views and called out much discussion in the management and holding of fairs, etc. All thought it worth while to see what could be done to carry out the project, and the Masters of each Grange were appointed to bring the subject before their several Granges for consideration. A nice dinner was provided by the Castine sisters. The afternoon session was taken up with reports of Granges, conferring the fifth degree, recitations from our younger brothers and sisters of Castine Grange, with music, which gave great credit to themselves and the order. It was a day long to be remembered as one of the happiest of our lives.

—Sidney's Patrons are busy hauling lumber for the new hall.

—Supt. H. P. Kneeland of Bridgton Town Farm has raised this season 3500 cans of sweet corn on less than an acre and one-fourth of ground, besides some twelve bushels that he picked for seed.

—The next meeting of the Penobscot Farmers' Club will be held at Pine Grove Hall, in Brewer, on Tuesday, Nov. 30th. at 10 A. M. There will be a picnic dinner at the hall. J. E. SHAW, *Sec'y.*

—The next meeting of Androscoggin county Grange will be with Turner Grange at Turner Center, the first Wednesday in December at 10 A. M. The first question for discussion is for the sisters, viz.: Is it right under any circumstances to tell a falsehood? Opened by Mrs. Henry Turner. 2d question: Resolved, That the most economical mode of supplying stock feed or provender, is by purchasing fertilizers and growing it. Aff., Z. A. Gilbert. Neg., F. A. Allen.

FIRES IN MAINE. The barn, piggery and poultry house of Hon. John M. Brown at Falmouth, were burned to the ground last week. Cause unknown. Twenty-two sheep, six pigs and a lot of poultry were burned. The loss will be about $6,000; insured for $5,100.——Farmington narrowly escaped another disastrous conflagration Friday evening. Fire was discovered in the attic of the Stoddard house and it quickly spread until the whole of the upper part of the house was in a blaze. The citizens turned out en masse and with pails, hand engine, and mighty efforts succeeded in confining the fire to the hotel, which was completely gutted. Assistance was asked from Lewiston and Phillips, and the latter responded, but was not needed. The hotel was owned by Dolliver & Waugh. Damage $3000. Insured for $2400. The house was occupied by J. W. Withee, as a hotel. The contents were insured for $1600, which will not cover the loss. The guests escaped, but lost some of their baggage. Cause unknown.——On Thursday afternoon, during a heavy thunder shower, the farm buildings of Charles Herrick, at Cumberland Centre, were struck by lightning and burned to the ground; only his corn-canning establishment, located some distance from the barn, being saved. The building consisted of a story and a half house and barn 40x60, which contained some 30 tons of hay, farming implements, etc., all of which were consumed, together with several hogs. Mr. Herrick at the time was away with his horses at work on the road. Loss $4000 on which it is said, there is an insurance of $2,500 or $3000.

Sisters, cousins, aunts and all people of taste, like to have their presents purchased from the rich stock of toilet, useful and ornamental goods, sold during the Holiday season at Partridge's old reliable drug store. The Messrs. Partridge will offer an unusually fine variety of Christmas goods this season at extremely low prices.

Arouse the faculties, stimulate the circulation, purify the blood, with Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Every girl who expects to keep up with the times wears clocks on her stockings and uses Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

The action of Carter's Little Liver Pills is pleasant, mild and natural. They gently stimulate the liver, and regulate the bowels, but do not purge. They are sure to please.

Items of Maine News.

The schooner Darius Eddy, of Bangor, is a total loss at Rye Beach. No insurance; the crew was saved.

Mrs. Sallie Small, living on the Litchfield road, Bowdoinham, will celebrate her 104th birthday on Friday.

The storm of wind and rain on Thursday, raged quite furiously in some sections of the State. No particular damage reported.

The Postmaster General has appointed Franklin Prescott fourth class postmaster at Arnold.

Erastus Brooks of New York, the veteran editor, is on his death bed. He is 71 years old, was formerly a citizen of Portland, and editor of the Portland *Advertiser*.

Willie Haney, a boy about 12 years of age, son of Mr. Elthea Haney, fell through Government wharf in Eastport, and received a severe scalp wound.

The Knickerbocker Ice Co.'s houses at Barter's Island, of about 10,000 tons capacity, were blown down during the recent gale.

Mr. Artemas Coleman of Skowhegan, was badly injured Wednesday, by being thrown from a sled under the feet of the horses. Two ribs were broken.

The Powder Mills at Warren, received an order last week for ten thousand kegs of powder. Work on the same will begin the first of February.

A four-year-old son of Charles Hall of Newcastle, was run over by Sanborn's heavy baggage wagon one day last week; both wheels passed over the child's body.

Hon. John B. Nealley of South Berwick, died Tuesday, after a long and painful illness, in his 77th year. He had been twice elected to the State Senate, and had held other prominent positions.

Chas. A. Libby, who has been stealing metals of various kinds from the big paper mills of G. D. Warren & Company of Cumberland Mills, has been arrested by a detective.

In the town of Penobscot the knitting factory gives employment to many. Another will soon be in operation, and reports say that Penobscot is the second town in the county for business.

The epizootic is reported as prevailing among horses in the vicinity of Skowhegan. One physician was called to attend 23 different cases the past week, only one of which proved fatal.

The estate of the late N. W. Farwell of Lewiston, deceased, was the largest ever probated in Androscoggin county. No will was left, and the property therefore all falls to the family. John Farwell is Administrator.

A little daughter of Levi Bagley of Troy, received a probably fatal kick from a horse some days since. The blow fell on her forehead, fracturing her skull and making a terrible wound. The child is about seven years of age.

Moses S. Milliken & Son, dealers in provisions, Biddeford, have failed. Their liabilities are upwards of $30,000, while their available assets are said to be less than $5000. Their creditors are in Biddeford, Saco, Lyman, Portland and Boston.

Willie Marriner, aged six years, son of Edward Marriner of Portland, fell over the edge of a bank at the West End, Saturday of last week, a distance of ten feet. Wednesday night he died from rupture of the liver.

As Mr. Silas Hubbard of North Limington, was splitting some lumber with a circular saw, a piece was caught by the saw and thrown with great violence, striking him at the corner of the nose, tearing out the upper lip and breaking the jaw.

Gen. J. P. Cilley of Rockland, is preparing a history of the First Maine cavalry, his regiment, and while in Boston the early part of last week, after certain details of the work, he was given a reception and banquet Tuesday night by the First Maine Cavalry Association of Massachusetts.

Martin York of Waterford, met with a severe accident on the 13th. He and two other young men were engaged in putting cider into a cellar, when the rope used became disengaged and the barrel immediately forced Mr. York down stairs, instantly breaking his left leg near the ankle.

Miss Florida E. Sylvester, for years the efficient clerk in the registry of deeds office, Portland, and who has been holding a similar position in San Francisco, recently died from asphyxiation from gas that had escaped during the night from a burner which was out of order, the stop-cock being loose and easily turned.

Manager O. A. Dennen, of Kineo House, says that the hunters in that vicinity are meeting with very good success with moose and deer. About the same number of these animals are being taken this year as usual. Mr. Dennen says that fishermen have had better luck at Moosehead this year than ever before.

A calf belonging to Mr. Chas. Wyman of Skowhegan, got into the woods and became so wild that ten men could not catch him. Mr. J. W. Jewett and his dog were brought to the scene of action, Monday. The dog was put upon the track of the animal, and in less than five minutes had the animal by the nose, holding him fast until a rope was put around his neck.

Senator Frye and Congressmen Dingley and Boutelle visited Bath on Saturday, to consult with the leading citizens as to the establishment there of a naval station and shipbuilding centre. They went by invitation of the Board of Trade, and were handsomely entertained. The visitors were thoroughly impressed with the natural advantages offered by Bath for the purposes indicated.

William G. Desjay, 17 years old, son of George Desjay, was arrested at Bath, Wednesday evening, and was given quarters in the lock up. He is charged with stealing $235 from the house of Otis Thompson in Topsham, where the boy has been living the past few years. He was arraigned before Judge Millay and denied the charge, but on Friday plead guilty and was bound over for trial at the December term of the Supreme Court.

Mrs. Sarah Rich Smith of Farmington, is dead. She was the widow of Spaulding Smith, Esq., late of Wilton, who was widely known through that part of Maine. Since her husband's death Mrs. Smith has made her home with her daughter, Mrs. Maj. S. Clifford Belcher. She passed her summers recently at Squirrel Island. She was a woman of much force of character and everywhere beloved.

Harry McGinnis and Fred A. Brown, both employed in Eastman & Goodwin's livery stable, Portland, quarrelled Tuesday, over the possession of a pair of boots. Later, while McGinnis was washing a carriage, Brown sneaked up behind him and struck him a terrible blow with a pick axe, the sharp point of the weapon being buried some five inches in the victim's back. McGinnis will probably die. Brown is under arrest.

The abandoned schooner Emma A. Cutting of Bath, 72 tons register, was picked up Thursday afternoon near the breakers at Boar's Head, off Portsmouth, N. H., by fishing schooner, Morrill Boy, of Rockport, Mass., and brought into Portsmouth. Nothing is missing from her except a boat and both anchors. Schooner David M. French, of Barnstable, is in Portsmouth, leaking. She is bound from Boothbay to Greenwich, Conn., lumber laden. She will be repaired there.

Messrs. Rumery, Birnie & Co., of Portland, have purchased, through Chas. Cushing, Esq., of Freeport, the S. W. Thompson steam mill and 3000 acres of timber land located between West Milan and Stark-water, N. H. The price paid was $56,000. The mill is new, having recently been completed, and contains all the most improved machinery for lumber manufacturing purposes. Messrs. Rumery, Birnie & Co., this winter, will cut timber sufficient to run the mill to its fullest capacity.

The following patents have been recently issued to Maine inventors: Matthias Brock, Boston, assignor to McKay & Copeland Lasting Machine Co., Portland, machine for preparing vamps for lasting; Emery Andrews, Kennebunkport, manufacture of parchmentized paper board; Gustaf Eovall, Stockholm, Sweden, assignor to W. W. Thomas, Jr., Portland, revolver; Frank G. Evans assignor to A. C. Libby, Portland, die for forging wrench heads; Wellington Ingalls and F. A. Bailey, Mattawamkeag, hame fastener.

The ship Josephus, of Newcastle, Me., Capt. Rogers, arrived at New York, from Hong Kong, Friday, after a voyage of 149 days, and anchored late in the afternoon at Liberty Island. The Josephus lost her third mate and four seamen, during her voyage, by death from chronic dysentery. When she was about one month out from Hong Kong, the disease made its appearance on board, and soon affected nearly all of the crew to a greater or less degree, and at times there were scarcely enough men to man the ship. All efforts to check the disease were unavailing.

A gentleman and lady with a small child were driving from Mercer to Starks, by way of Davis' Ferry, with a pair of horses and covered buggy. They drove into the boat, and when the boat was pulled away from the shore the horses took fright at the pulleys playing on the cable, and run back. Just as the carriage was going over the edge of the boat into the water, the lady, with her child, jumped out into the boat, and the horses, buggy and all went overboard into the river. Mr. Williamson jumped into the river and guided the horses to the shore. All this took place without doing any damage.

The following pensions were allowed, Thursday to people in Maine: Lidia E., widow of William H. Sawyer, Portland; Rosella, widow of Henry Rockliff, Bean's Corner; Minors of Alonzo Patten, Oldtown; Hannah, widow of William S. Tucker, Cherryfield; H. S. Cunningham, Newcastle; Jotham L. Annis, Lee; Albion Johnson, South Windham; Samuel P. Merrill, Auburn; Vinal V. Messer, North Union; Joseph H. Chappel, Saco; Stephen Williams, Bowdoinham; Edwin R. Wright, Weld. Pensions were increased to the following: Sewall P. Ridley, New Sharon; Reuben B. Chase, Limestone.

Items of General News.

Stanley, the African explorer, sailed for New York Thursday.

The President's message is nearly ready for delivery.

Edward Evans, a fireman, dropped dead while running to a fire in North Andover, Mass., Friday.

Government has assumed the responsibility, and now the torch of Liberty is nightly lighted in New York harbor.

Thursday was observed as Thanksgiving Day throughout Canada. A snow storm prevailed during the day.

A life insurance company for high priced horses has been formed in New York, with Judge Fullerton as president.

At Girard, Kansas, Monday, an electrical storm damaged property $8,000, and several persons were injured.

Diphtheria epidemic has carried off one hundred children in the town of Logansport, Ill.

The poultry train bound east Thursday night, collided with a freight train just entering the side track at Clinton Mills, N. Y. The engine D. W. Lawrence and about fifteen cars of poultry were wrecked.

The natives of Ambad have massacred the captain and seven of the crew of the French man-of-war Pengouin. The captain and his men had landed to obtain water for the ship.

The Masonic Relief Association of the United States and Canada, held its annual session in St. Louis, Friday. It was decided to adopt a uniform system for the dispensation of charity.

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Items of Maine News.

The schooner Darius Eddy, of Bangor, is a total loss at Rye Beach. No insurance; the crew was saved.

Mrs. Sallie Small, living on the Litchfield road, Bowdoinham, will celebrate her 104th birthday on Friday.

The storm of wind and rain on Thursday, raged quite furiously in some sections of the State. No particular damage reported.

The Postmaster General has appointed Franklin Prescott fourth class postmaster at Arnold.

Erastus Brooks of New York, the veteran editor, is on his death bed. He is 71 years old, was formerly a citizen of Portland, and editor of the Portland *Advertiser*.

Willie Haney, a boy about 13 years of age, son of Mr. Elthea Haney, fell through Government wharf in Eastport, and received a severe scalp wound.

The Knickerbocker Ice Co.'s houses at Barter's Island, of about 10,000 tons capacity, were blown down during the recent gale.

Mr. Artemas Coleman of Skowhegan, was badly injured Wednesday, by being thrown from a sled under the feet of the horses. Two ribs were broken.

The Powder Mills at Warren, received an order last week for ten thousand kegs of powder. Work on the same will begin the first of February.

A four-year-old son of Charles Hall of Newcastle, was run over by Sanborn's heavy baggage wagon one day last week; both wheels passed over the child's body.

Hon. John B. Nealley of South Berwick, died Tuesday, after a long and painful illness, in his 77th year. He had been twice elected to the State Senate, and had held other prominent positions.

Chas. A. Libby, who has been stealing metals of various kinds from the big paper mills of G. D. Warren & Company of Cumberland Mills, has been arrested by a detective.

In the town of Penobscot the knitting factory gives employment to many. Another will soon be in operation, and reports say that Penobscot is the second town in the county for business.

The epizootic is reported as prevailing among horses in the vicinity of Skowhegan. One physician was called to attend 23 different cases the past week, only one of which proved fatal.

The estate of the late N. W. Farwell of Lewiston, deceased, was the largest ever probated in Androscoggin county. No will was left, and the property therefore all falls to the family. John Farwell is Administrator.

A little daughter of Levi Bagley of Troy, received a probably fatal kick from a horse some days since. The animal struck him on the forehead, fracturing her skull and making a terrible wound. The child is about seven years of age.

Moses S. Milliken & Son, dealers in provisions, Biddeford, have failed. Their liabilities are upwards of $20,000, while their available assets are said to be less than $5000. Their creditors are in Biddeford, Saco, Lyman, Portland and Boston.

Willie Marriner, aged six years, son of Edward Marriner of Portland, fell over the edge of a bank at the West End, Saturday of last week, a distance of ten feet. Wednesday night he died from rupture of the liver.

As Mr. Silas Hubbard of North Limington, was splitting some lumber with a circular saw, a piece was caught by the saw and thrown with great violence, striking him at the corner of the temple, tearing out the upper lip and breaking the jaw.

Gen. J. P. Cilley of Rockland, is preparing a history of the First Maine cavalry, his regiment, and while in Boston the early part of last week after certain details of the work, he was given a reception and banquet Tuesday night by the First Maine Cavalry Association of Massachusetts.

Martin York of Waterford, met with a severe accident on the 13th. He and two other young men were engaged in putting cider into a cellar, when the rope used became disengaged and the barrel immediately forced Mr. York down stairs, instantly breaking his left leg near the ankle.

Miss Florida E. Sylvester, for years the efficient clerk in the registry of deeds office, Portland, and who has been holding a similar position in San Francisco, recently died from asphyxiation from gas that had escaped during the night from a burner which was out of order, the stop-cock being loose and easily turned.

Manager O. A. Dennen, of Kineo House, says that the hunters in that vicinity are meeting with very good success with moose and deer. About the same quantity of these animals are being taken this year as usual. Mr. Dennen says that fishermen have had better luck at Moosehead this year than ever before.

A calf belonging to Mr. Chas. Wyman of Skowhegan, got into the woods and became so wild that ten men could not catch him. Mr. J. W. Jewett and his dog were brought to the scene of action, Monday. The dog was put upon the track of the animal, and in less than five minutes had the animal by the nose, holding him fast until a rope was put around his neck.

Senator Frye and Congressmen Dingley and Boutelle visited Bath on Saturday, to consult with the leading citizens as to the establishment there of a naval station and shipbuilding centre. They went by invitation of the Board of Trade, and were handsomely entertained. The visitors were thoroughly impressed with the natural advantages offered by Bath for the purposes indicated.

William G. Deajay, 17 years old, son of George Deajay, was arrested at Bath, Wednesday evening, and was given quarters in the lock up. He is charged with stealing $235 from the house of Otis Thompson in Topsham, where the boy has been living the past few years. He was arraigned before Judge Millay and denied the charge, but on Friday plead guilty and was bound over for trial at the December term of the Supreme Court.

Mrs. Sarah Rich Smith of Farmington, is dead. She was the widow of Spaulding Smith, Esq., late of Wilton, who was widely known through that part of Maine. Since her husband's death Mrs. Smith has made her home with her daughter, Mrs. Maj. S. Clifford Belcher. She passed her summers recently at Squirrel Island. She was a woman of much force of character and every where beloved.

Henry McGinnis and Fred A. Brown, both employed in Eastman & Goodwin's livery stable, Portland, quarrelled Tuesday, over the possession of a pair of boots. Later, while McGinnis was washing a carriage, Brown sneaked into the stable and struck him a terrible blow with a pick axe, the short point of the weapon being buried some five inches in the victim's back. McGinnis will probably die. Brown is under arrest.

The abandoned schooner Emma A. Cutting of Bath, 72 tons register, was picked up Thursday afternoon near the breakers at Boar's Head, off Portsmouth, N. H., by fishing schooner, Morrill Boy, of Rockport, Mass., and brought into Portsmouth. Nothing is missing from her except a boat and both anchors. Schooner David M. French, of Barnstable, is in Portsmouth, leaking. She is bound from Boothbay to Greenville, Conn., lumber laden. She will be repaired there.

Messrs. Rumery, Birnie & Co., of Portland, have purchased, through Chas. Cushing, Esq., of Freeport, the S. W. Thompson steam mill and 3000 acres of timber land located between Sebago Lake and Stanchwater, N. H. The price paid was $56,000. The mill is new, having recently been completed, and contains all the most improved machinery for lumber manufacturing purposes. Messrs. Rumery, Birnie & Co., this winter, will cut timber sufficient to run the mill to its fullest capacity.

The following patents have been recently issued to Maine inventors: Matthias Brock, Boston, assignor to McKay & Copeland Lasting Machine Co., Portland, machine for preparing vamps for lasting; Everett Andrews, Kennebunkport, manufacture of parenthetical paper board; Gustaf Erwall, Stockholm, Sweden, elevator; Edward W. Thomas, Jr., Portland, revolver; Frank G. Evans assignor to A. C. Libby, Portland, die for forging wrench heads; Wellington Ingalls and P. A. Bailey, Mattawamkeag, hame fastener.

The ship Josephus, of Newcastle, Me., Capt. Rogers, arrived at New York, from Hong Kong, Friday, after a voyage of 149 days, and anchored late in the afternoon at Liberty Island. The Josephus lost her third mate and four seamen, during her voyage, by death from chronic dysentery. When she was about one month out from Hong Kong, the disease made its appearance on board, and soon afflicted nearly all of the crew to a greater or less degree, and at times there were scarcely enough men to man the ship. All efforts to check the disease were unavailing.

A gentleman and lady with a small child were driving from Mercer to Starks, by way of Davis' Ferry, with a pair of horses and covered buggy. They drove into the boat, and when the boat was pulled away from the shore the horses took fright as the pulleys playing on the cable, and run back. Just as the carriage was going over the edge of the boat into the water, the lady, with her child, jumped out into the boat, and the horses, buggy and all went overboard into the river. Mr. Williamson jumped into the river and guided the horses to the shore. All this took place without doing any damage.

The following pensions were allowed, Thursday to people in Maine: Lidia B., widow of William H. Sawyer, Portland; Rosella, widow of Henry Rockliff, Bowdoin Corner; Minors of Alonzo Patten, Oldtown; Hannah, widow of William S. Tucker, Cherryfield; H. S. Cunningham, Newcastle; Jotham L. Annis, Lee; Albion Johnson, South Windham; Samuel P. Merrill, Auburn; Vinal V. Messer, North Union; Joseph H. Chappel, Saco; Stephen Williams, Bowdoinham; Edwin R. Wright, Weld. Pensions were increased to the following: Sewall F. Ridley, New Sharon; Reuben B. Chase, Limestone.

Items of General News.

Stanley, the African explorer, sailed for New York Thursday.

The President's message is nearly ready for delivery.

Edward Evans, a fireman, dropped dead while running to a fire in North Andover, Mass., Friday.

Government has assumed the responsibility, and now the torch of Liberty is nightly lighted in New York harbor.

Thursday was observed as Thanksgiving Day throughout Canada. A snow storm prevailed during the day.

A life insurance company for high priced horses has been formed in New York, with Judge Fullerton as president.

At Girard, Kansas, Monday, an electrical storm damaged property $8,000, and several persons were injured.

Diphtheria epidemic has carried off one hundred children in the town of Logansport, Ill.

The poultry train bound east Thursday night, collided with a freight train just entering the side track at Clinton Mills, N. Y. The engine D. W. Lawrence and about fifteen cars of poultry were wrecked.

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Editor's Table.

From the enterprising publishers, Messrs. Lee & Shepard, No. 10 Milk street, Boston, we have received the following new books:

"Simplicity and Fascination," by Anne Beale, a story that from the start is so full of interest as to commend itself to the attention of all intelligent readers.

"The Book of Eloquence," being a collection of extracts in prose and verse, from the most famous orators and poets; intended as exercises for declamation in colleges and schools, by Charles Dudley Warner. This splendid volume is full of extracts suitable for declamation, from the writings of some of the most eminent men.

"The Little Master," is a charming story, by J. T. Trowbridge, fully illustrated—a beautiful book.

"Tweed's Grammar for Common Schools," by B. F. Tweed, A. M., late supervisor in the Boston schools. Cloth, price 30 cents net. Copies sent for examination upon receipt of price. Approved by the highest school authorities. Also Educational Psychology by Hopkins; The Child's Book of Health. All very useful books.

"A Boston Girl's Ambitions," by Miss Virginia F. Townsend. 12mo. Cloth. $1.50. Uniform with Lee and Shepard's series of The Townsend Novels, comprising 7 volumes.

The gem of Tennyson's poems, "Dora," by Alfred Tennyson. With twenty illustrations by W. L. Taylor, engraved on wood by Andrew, from special sketches made in England expressly for this work, comprising charming bits of English landscape and rural life. Uniform in sale with Lee and Shepard's "Illustrated Series of Favorite Hymns, Ballads, and Poems." Cloth. Full gilt. Gilt edges (only style this season,) $1.50. The inspiration which poetry gives to the drama and to art is well illustrated in the career of Tennyson's poem, "Dora." It has been retold in a charming drama, is one of the favorite selections for reading in the parlor and on the platform; the heroine has been idealized by the brush of the artist and the skill of the graver, and now one of the foremost of American artists gives in this volume twenty illustrations of the story, original in conception, graceful and powerful as the theme demands.

"All Taught," or rigging the boat. By Oliver Optic, and one of the best works of the popular author. Fully illustrated.

All the above books are for sale by J. F. Pierce, Augusta.

From G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, we have the following new books:

"The Story of Carthage," by Alfred J. Church, M. A., with the collaboration of Arthur Gilman, M. A. This is one of the series of "The Story of the Nations." The story of Carthage has to be told from the standpoint of her enemies, and thus but little sympathy is invoked; but the author here has had wonderful success.

"The American Citizen's Manual," by Worthington C. Ford. Two volumes in one—a valuable book for the American citizen.

"The Pocket Atlas of the World," a comprehensive and popular series of maps, illustrating physical and political geography; so handy that it may be carried in the pocket. A beautiful and valuable little book.

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We have received from Lee & Shepard, Boston, the following new books, and they may all be found on the counter of J. Frank Pierce, Augusta:

"The Young Wrecker of the Florida Reef," or the Trials and adventures of Fred Ransom. By Richard Meade Bache. This is the sixth edition of a story that happily combines instruction with amusement, having very natural incidents.

"The Message of the Blue Bird, told to me to tell to others," by Irene E. Jerome. An elegantly illustrated poem, gotten up in holiday style.

These familiar and touching poems, gotten up in very neat and handy style, beautifully illustrated: "Curfew Must not Ring to-night." "Abide with Me." "Rock of Ages." "My Faith Looks up to Thee." "Nearer, my God, to Thee." "Home, Sweet Home."

Six volumes of the "Young Folks' Pictures and Stories of Animals, for Home and School." By Mrs. Sanborn Tenney. There is nothing in which children are more naturally interested than they are in animals, and these are the books that they can use to greater advantage than these in their instruction. The writer has prepared these Pictures and Stories of Animals for the little ones, to instruct as well as to interest and amuse them. The volumes are divided as follows: Mammals or Quadrupeds; Birds; Reptiles and Fishes; Bees, Butterflies and other Insects, Crustaceans and Worms; Shells, and the animals which live in them; Sea-urchins, Sea-cucumbers, Star-Fishes, Jelly-Fishes, Sea-Anemones, and Corals.

"Parlor Varieties," containing plays, pantomines and charades, and a book for the Reading Club.

"His One Fault," by J. T. Trowbridge. Illustrated. One of the popular author's best work of fiction.

"Little Miss Weezy," by Penn Shirley. A child's book of great beauty and purity of thought, which the little ones will be glad to call their own.

"Five-Minute Reading," for young ladies, by Walter K. Forbes, of the Boston School of elocution. While the selections have been made with the thought of their particular fitness for young ladies, the opposite sex need not hesitate to read it, with the idea that there is nothing in it for them; for they will find an abundance of interesting matter.

"Mistakes in Writing English," and how to avoid them. For the use of all who teach, write or speak the language. By Marshall T. Bigelow.

"Our Little Ones and the Nursery," illustrated stories and poems for Little People. By Oliver Optic. With three hundred and seventy-five illustrations. A splendid book for the children in the approaching holidays. Published by Estes & Lauriat, Boston.

From the same publishers we have "Chatterbox," for 1886, an annual which is so popular and well known that a word of description is not necessary.

"Zigzag Journeys in the Sunny South, West Indies and Panama." By H. Butterworth. Fully illustrated, a charming gift book for the Holidays, and one that will be a thing of beauty and joy forever in every household. Published by Estes & Lauriat, Boston.

"Nature's Hallelujah," from original designs by Irene E. Jerome. Presented in a series of nearly fifty full-page illustrations (9½ by 14 inches.) engraved on wood by Geo. T. Andrew. Elegantly bound in gold cloth, full gilt, gilt edges, $6.00. Turkey Morocco, $12.00. Tree Calf, $12.00. Spanish Calf, $12.00. Uniform in size, style and price with "One Year's Sketch Book." "Nothing more choice in the gift-book line, it would seem, could be made than Miss Irene C. Jerome's "Nature's Hallelujah." Two years ago, when Miss Jerome's "One Year's Sketch-Book" appeared, it was thought she could never improve upon it. Her artistic soul has been touched with a truly pathetic and propetic fire. She has kindled the flames of her genius at the altar of Chicago's Academy of Arts; and if the young city by the lakes produces nothing else of a striking type in art for a whole century, the product of her gift is enough. Her's is an enravishing touch of nature. Amid the wildest solitudes of Colorado, and the mountains and meadows of rugged New England, she has drunk in her inspirations, which flow from her pencil into sketch with genuine fancy and graceful facility. Birds, animals, trees, rocks, and delicate flowers and children seem as one common family. The devout spiritual vein of "Nature's Hallelujah" is its charm. Out of her soul, birds, flowers and children join in an anthem of the loftiest praise. Her introduction is a sweet idyl of home." —*Chicago Standard.* Copyright, 1886, by Lee and Shepard, Boston.

"A Royal Singer," the new book by a veteran composer. There has just appeared in the musical field a new volume by L. O. Emerson, the well known teacher, convention leader and composer. It is a collection of new quartettes, duets, hymntunes, anthems, etc., together with a full and complete course in elementary instruction, designed for singing schools and musical institutes, conventions, etc. The title of this new work is "The Royal Singer," and it is well worthy of the name. Teachers of singing schools, and those who conduct the music in public schools and other educational institutions, should examine "The Royal Singer." It is published by the old and reliable house of Oliver Ditson Co., Boston. The price of the book is 60 cents. Sent by mail to any address. Liberal discounts by the dozen or hundred.

CATARRH CURED.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Dr. Lawrence, 329 East Ninth St., New York, will receive the recipe free of charge. 1745isow

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Hop Plasters are a New England production from fresh Hops, Burgundy Pitch and Gums.

The Markets.

Augusta City Market.

[CORRECTED WEEKLY FOR THE MAINE FARMER]

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 24.

APPLES—$1 00@1 50 per bbl.; dried, 2@3c per lb.; evaporated 6@7c per lb.

BEANS—Pea beans $1 65@1 85; Yellow Eyes $1 35@1 50.

BUTTER—Good Firkin Butter sells for 18@20c; Ball Butter 22@25c.

Cheese—11@13c.

COTTON SEED MEAL—$1 45 per cwt.

EGGS—25c per dozen.

FLOUR—St. Louis $5 50@6 00; Patent $ 75@6 00.

GRAIN—Corn 58@60c; oats 40@45; barley 60c. Rye $1 00.

HAY—$13 00@15 00.

STRAW—Loose $6@87; pressed $8@$10.

HONEY—Cholce Aroostook 15@16c.

HIDES AND SKINS—Ox hides over 90 lbs, 7c; bulls and stags, 4c; calf skins, 10c.

LIME AND CEMENT—Lime $1 10 per cask; cement $1 60.

LARD—Tierce 6¾@7; Dom. 7¼@8c.

MEAL—Corn 56@58; rye 90@1 00.

PRODUCE—Potatoes, 45@ 0c per bu cabbages, 1c per lb; squash, 1c per lb; turnips, 30c per bushel; beets, 30c per bu.

PROVISIONS—Clear salt pork 7@8c; beef per side 8@8½c; ham 10@10½c; fowls 8@10c; spring lambs 8c; mutton 8@9c; veal 7@8c; spring chickens 12@13c; Turkeys 18@20c; round hog 5½c.

SHORTS—$1 00@1 10 per hundred.

Portland Market.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 24.

APPLES—$1 25@2 50 per bbl; evaporated 9@10c per lb.

BUTTER—18@20 for choice family; Vermont, 25@27c per lb; creamery, 26@28c.

BEANS—Pea, $1 80@1 90; Yellow Eyes, $1 40@1 65.

CHEESE—Maine and Vermont Factory, new, 13@13½c; N. Y. Factory, 13@13½c.

COAL—Stove and Egg, $5 25@5 75.

FLOUR—Superfine, $2 50@3 50; Spring X and XX, $4 00@4 25; Michigan Winter X and XX, $4 87@5 12; Roller Michigan, $5 25@5 50; St. Louis Winter Patents, $5 00@5 25.

FISH—Cod Shore, $2 75@3 00; bank, $2 25@2 50; Scaled herring per box, 16@20c; Mackerel per bbl, Shore No 1, $22 00@25 00.

GRAIN—Corn, bag lots, 51@52; oats, 39@40c; cotton seed, car lots, $24 50@25 00; cotton seed, bag lots, $24 00@25 00; sacked bran, car lots, $15 50@17 00; sacked bran, bag lots, $18 00@19 00; middlings, car lots, $18 00@20 50; middlings, bag lots, $19 00@22 00.

LARD—Per tierce, 6¾@7c per lb; per tub, 6¾@7c; pail, 7@8c.

PROVISIONS—Chickens, 12@13c; fowl, 10@12c; turkeys, 15@20; eggs, 23@24c; potatoes, 50@55 extra beef, $8 25@8 50; pork, backs, $18 00@19 00; clear, $17@17 50; hams, 13@13½c; covered, 14@14½c.

Bangor Produce Market.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 24.

APPLES—75c@$2 25 per bbl.

BEANS—Yellow Eyes, $1 40@1 50 per bush.; hand picked Pea, $1 80@1 85.

BUTTER—Best, 23@25c per lb.; fair to good, 21@22c.

EGGS—24c per doz.

GRAIN—Oats, 40c per bushel.

HAY—$12@13 per ton; best bales, $13@14.

POTATOES—Best quality per bushel, 45@50c.

PROVISIONS—Pork, round hog per lb., 5½@6c. Chicken, 12@15c per lb. Fowl per lb., 8@12c. Turkeys, 15@18c.

Chicago Live Stock Market.

TUESDAY, Nov. 23.

CATTLE—Cattle is steady, receipts 9,000; shipments 2,000; shipping steers at 3 10@5 00; butchers' steers have been dropped 3 cents, bulls and mixed, 1 75@3 15; bulls at 2 20@2 50; through Texans 2 50@3 50.

HOGS—Lower, receipts, 23000; shipments 9,000; rough and mixed 3 50@3 85; packing and shipping at 3 70@4 00; light at 3 50@4 00; skips at 2 20@3 40.

SHEEP—receipts, 5,000; shipments 1000; slow; natives at 2 25@4 00; Western 3 00@3 40; lambs at 3 50@4 50.

Watertown Cattle Market.

TUESDAY, Nov. 23.

Cattle market dull; prices steady.

Market Beef—Extra at 6 75; first quality at 6 50; second quality at 500@6 00; third quality 4 00@4 50.

Receipts of cattle 1229 head.

Store Cattle—Working Oxen per pair $100@165; Farrow Cows at $15@32; fancy at $50@80; Milch Cows and Calves at $23@48; yearlings at $12@20; two years old $14@28; three years $24@40.

Swine—Receipts 24,669; Western fat, live, 4¼@4¼; northern dressed 5¾.

Sheep and Lambs—Receipts 3124; in lots $2 50@3 75; extra $4 00@4 50.

Veal Calves 2½@7c.

New York Money Market.

NEW YORK, Nov. 23.

United States Bonds,	(reg.)	100¾
"	New 4s, (reg.)	128½
"	" (coup.)	128½
"	New 4½ (reg.)	100
"	" (coup.)	111½
"	Pacific 1ats.	119½

ROBBED BY BAY PIRATES. The New York *World* has the following: Thomas Williams, captain of the schooner Orrin, of Bangor, Me., was awakened in the cabin of his schooner, while lying in the mouth of Kill von Kull, at midnight, Oct. 22d last, by three men wearing masks concealing the lower portion of their faces. One of the robbers, with a large knife in one hand and a revolver in the other, said: "If you move I'll cut out your liver and blow your brains out." The robbers stole everything of value. When the thieves were about to leave the schooner they found a bottle of liquor and proceeded to enjoy it. The one who had threatened the captain returned to the cabin and demanded money, but getting none he left. The same night the robbers visited the schooner Charles Heath and Centurin, both of Bangor, and the captain of the latter vessel was compelled to give them $150 and all his clothing. The next day a man was arrested in a fight, and when at the Tombs Capt. Williams pointed him out as the man who aimed the revolver at his head. He was held.

Arrangements have been made for a spool factory at Dixfield, that will work annually 1000 cords of white birch, and employ from 30 to 40 hands. It is to be located on Webb's river, and to be run by steam power. Frank Stanley and Ephraim G. Reynolds of Dixfield, and F. Stanley of Paris, and George L. Merrill of Searsport, who has run the factory at Searsport for the past thirteen years, are at the head of the enterprise. They are to purchase the property of the Searsport Spool Company, and transport it to Dixfield. The property is to remain at Searsport until the first of July, or until they work up what stock they have on hand at that place, when the whole plant will be removed to Dixfield The capacity of this mill is about 15,000 gross of spools per month.

IN BED FOR NINE YEARS. A remarkable case of stubbornness terminated at the Pettis County Poorhouse, Missouri, Thursday. Nine years ago a colored woman, Sarah Anderson, became almost crazy with anger one day at the keeper of the poor farm. So wild was she in her rage that she was locked in her room alone and left to meditate until the following morning. At that time the keeper of the place entered her apartment and found her in bed. She was not ill but refused to get up. She never left her bed unless dragged therefrom. Last spring the woman was actually taken ill. She lingered until Thursday, when death came. She had remained in bed nine consecutive years because of a fit of anger.

A sad event connected with the Farmington fire was the death of Mr. Manford Doloff, son-in-law of Mr. J. C. Church. Mr. D. was convalescing from an attack of typhoid fever, and on that terrible night it looked as if one lone arm though the fire would sweep up through Church street. In the excitement the sick man dressed and went to the door. The next day there was a relapse and death ensued the 9th inst.

A little boy, whose indisposition to comply with school rules caused his teacher to make him stand in the floor somewhat often, on being asked by a neighbor how he liked the schoolmarm, replied, "O, I likes her ever so much, she's so dood—calls me out and lets me stand right up with her ever and ever so much! I tink she's a darlin' dood teacher."

Socialistic reform: First citizen—That man Smith is a great statesman and will make his constituents happy and wealthy. Second citizen—Indeed, and where will he get all his money? First citizen—Why, from those that are not his constituents.

While doing their duty heroically at a fire in Baltimore the other night, three brave firemen fell from a burning building and were killed.

Hon. Frank Jones, of Portsmouth, N. H., is reported to have bought the Octavius Weir farm at Cape Neddick, York, for $12,000.

It has been discovered that ensilage, the same as that given to cows, is highly relished by the bens in winter, and greatly promotes laying.

Peter Chamberlain, aged 70, of Milford, died suddenly at Bangor, Tuesday, of heart disease.

Woman's greatest glory is her hair, and she should be very economical of it when she is cooking.

The Governor and Council are asked to pardon Joseph E. Clinton, now in State prison for shooting Severance in Rockland last year.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

As old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, *149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.* 31497

Special Notices.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. *Sold only in cans.*

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N. Y. 40646

When Baby was sick, we gave her CASTORIA,
When she was a Child, she cried for CASTORIA,
When she became Miss, she clung to CASTORIA,
When she had Children, she gave them CASTORIA.

Items and Incidents.

A lad at Dexter, Mo., 16 years of age, who left home on Monday to gather nuts, was devoured by wolves. A searching party found only some of his bones and clothing.

The First Keen Twinge.

As the season advances, the pains and aches by which rheumatism makes itself known, are experienced after every exposure. It is not claimed that Hood's Sarsaparilla is a specific for rheumatism—we doubt if there is or can be such a remedy. But the thousands of testimonials by Hood's Sarsaparilla, warrant us in urging others who suffer from rheumatism to take it before the first keen twinge.

The Canadian Pacific Railroad has built miles of snow sheds during the past summer, at a cost of $1,500,000.

NEVER say Sick Headache cannot be cured until you have tried Dr. Leslie's Special Prescription. It is a sure cure every time. Sold by druggists.

A strange freak of nature is reported on a farm at Brantley, Ga. There is a damp streak about a foot wide running across the place from north to south, while everything else on the farm is very dry. It is thought the earthquake caused a crack in the earth, through which water enough oozes to cause this dampness.

Do not despair of curing your sick-headache, when you can so easily get Dr. Carver's Little Liver Pills. They will effect a prompt and permanent cure. Their action is mild and natural.

Old Party—"If I had 50 cents and gave it to you to get changed in order to give you a penny, what would be left?" Street Arab—"An old man!"

Charles Dudley Warner, who is making an extensive tour of the South, says that all classes are at work there, that there is a growing love for literature and science, and that the brightest future seems to open before the old Confederate States.

Mrs. Foster of Green Bay, Wisconsin, has just married the man who dug the graves of her first three husbands.

One *Hop Plaster* will kill pain quicker and is a better strengthener than a dozen other kinds.

Philip Armour, the Chicago pork packer, is reported sick. Worry and excitement caused by the strikes are thought to be the cause.

Many so-called "Prohibition Bibles" have made their appearance in Atlanta. They retail at a dollar apiece. To the casual observer they are soberly bound, eminently respectable books, but when the owner touches a spring a bottle, or sham volume, the neck of a whiskey bottle comes into view at the other.

A South Carolina hunter recently shot a buck whose head was white and whose horns were short and curved like the horns of a goat.

The ladies all say nothing is perfect but the first baby and Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. The latter has no equal as a female remedy.

Married.

In Aldrich, Minn., Oct. 26, G. H. Billings of Aldrich, to Mrs. Lizzie Merrill of Welchville, Me.

In Biddeford, Nov. 11, Sumner Tarbox to Annie Hayes.

In Boston, Oct. 21, W. H. A. Shaw of Bath, Me., to Minnie E. Perry of the latter place. Oct. 24, Edwin L. Stephenson of Belfast, Me., to Mattie A. Whitney of Boston.

In Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 10, George S. Rawson to Ida Louise Reimer, both of Brooklyn.

In Bangor, Nov. 13, Frank Mitchell to Adella M. Varney, both of Bangor; Nov. 17, Samuel E. Harvey of Bucksport, to Hattie E. Emery of Bangor; Nov. 18, Wm. G. Kennedy to Mary Perkins, both of Bangor; Nov. 17, Amory B. Chaplin to Grace C. Hall, both of Bangor; Nov. 20, Hebert L. Lane to Eunie L. Bean, both of Bangor.

In Belfast, Nov. 20, Frank E. Rhodes to Annie M. Calderwood, both of Belfast.

In Chester, Nov. 14, Russell S. Dobbs of Kingman, to Minnie M. Kyle

Poetry.

The Deacon's Ride.

BY MARY C. HUNTINGTON.

On his cool back porch sat Deacon Brown, the rich-est and fattest man in town.
Before, behind, to left and right, showed meadows dotted with gold and white,
And grazing there in the pastures green, fifteen fine Jerseys as were ever seen.
The regular herd-book stock were they, and how much butter they made each day,
I hardly would dare attempt to say.

No greater joy had Deacon Brown, than to sit on the porch, as the sun went down,
And view his acres so broad and fine, and feast his eyes on his Jersey kine;
But now his face wore a look much vexed, and he drummed his knees in a way perplexed,
As sitting smug in his tilted chair, he gazed at the goodly show and fair,
Of bovine beauties grazing there.

Well might the Deacon muse and frown, and ragu-lly scratch his smooth, bald crown;
For a Jersey heifer, his pride and boast, the one of all that he valued most,
Had taken it into her head that she not like her necker sisters would be,
And so, at sight of the milking-pail, would lower her horns and thrash her tail,
And kick till her kicking power would fail.

All sorts of cures had the Deacon tried; but, alas for a good old churchman's pride!
"The finest heifer in this 'ere town" would never a drop of milk give down.
For one whole day, though coaxed and fed with the "cream of the pisce," so the Deacon said;
And when there she'd knocked the pail man over, as if barnyard mud were a field of clover,
He vowed in his wrath as a deacon may, that he'd sell the creetur the very next day,
To the village butcher, and risk his pay.

Yet now, as he sat and thought it o'er, it seemed that his cross was indeed most sore,
He could not do it; 'twould break his heart, from his goodly heifer this way to part!
Just then strolled toward him his elder son, who never a bit of work had done,
But dished in the brook through the livelong day, instead of helping get in the hay,
Or "lift" at the work in any way.

So the Deacon frowned a frown most stern; "'Twas time that a lazy youth should learn
To earn his salt; 'twas different when he was his age,—the men was men,
Not idle care-naughts; and going to school made something besides a college fool."
Then, growing milder, "Wal, 'bout Peachblow—I reckoned a cure you'd hap to know,
In that heathen gabble you chatter so."

Quoth the idle scapegrace, with twinkling eyes, "I've heard of a cure which you might try."
Then some Latin words he gravely said. "If on to her back a weight is laid,
She'll give milk straightway, and quiet be." Said the doubting Deacon, "I'll try and see."

Out in the stable Peachblow stood, calmly chewing her cud as a heifer should.
Spoke the Deacon: "William, you're young and spry; you can climb on her back, now, quick-ly! I
You'll do for the weight. I'll fetch the stool, and milk the critter; you just keep cool."
But scarce had the hopeful gained his seat, when out flew the pincil Peachblow's feet,
And milker and milking-stool upset, in a way too hurried for etiquette.

And the Deacon roared in his wrath, "Get down! I'll try myself, and bring her round."
But sniffing and grumbling, with Will to boost, he found himself on his novel roost.
But, with little or nothing to do, we can we piuwse our minds on things to be!
For, just as the Deacon, full of his side state, cried, "Go to milkin'; you needn't wait!"
The stanchion was loosed by some luckless fate,—

And wildly out through the open door dashed—as she never had dashed before—
The frightened heifer with snorts and bounds, and her load of a hundred and ninety pounds.
The roaming scapegrace behind was left; while, like a creature of some breed,
Young Peachblow flew with her frantic feet, a-bel-lowing down the village street.—
To the district school-boys what a treat!

The Deacon's neckerchief flapped in the wind; his hat blew off, and was left behind;
His eyes bulged out, his face grew white, his fringe of hair stood up with fright;
The children scampered with laugh and hoot, the dogs all started in mad pursuit;
The geese they squaked, and the chickens flew; the wives ran, startled by such ado!
Out ran the husbands, to cry, "Halloo!"

And the good old parson, with face aghast, flew to the gate as the deacon passed.
What a fruitful scandal throughout the town might rise from this frolic of Deacon Brown!
Was he drunk, or crazy, that thus he'd ride? And, land as he could, the parson cried,
"Stop, stop, Brother Brown! Oh! where will you go!" and back from the dust came these words of woe:
"The Lord and this cow, alr, only know!"

But she stopped at last, this steed so gay; she stopped quite short in a sudden way,
Struck out her heels with a graceful poise, and the hundred and ninety avoirdupois
Shot over her head and into the dirt, with button-less breeches and tattered shirt.

Sadder and wiser, Deacon Brown led Peachblow home as the sun went down;
And all the questioners got him to say was, that he might tell some other day.
But Peachblow was limber enough that night, was milked very meekly, and seemed all right.
And the Deacon mused: "Wal, the heathen may have fust-rate cow cures, but I must say,
They are *tryin'* to old folks, anyway."

Our Story Teller.

The Thanksgiving at Willow Grove.

BY LUCY RANDOLPH FLEMING.

"Oh, I am so disappointed!" sighed Lizzie Henderson, laying down the paper she had been reading aloud to Aunt Barbara. "To think after all our planning and preparing, they should not come. And their rooms look so fresh and nice, and I just had out the best pillow shams. It was an omen."

"It does seem a little hard," said Aunt Barbara, placidly moving her knitting-needles. "But if Gilbert and Eileen have measles of course Jessie and Allen could not leave. I'm thankful to hear it is in a mild form—measles is such a risky disease. Now, sister Elizabeth, who you are named for, was a weakness of the throat after the measles; but she lived to a good age, too.

"I believe, Auntie," said Lizzie, "you always find *something* to be thankful for. I hope the dear tots will be well as well, but I'm disappointed all the same." And Lizzie patted her pretty foot.

"Yes, Elizabeth, there are few things which the Lord brings to us, however, for which we may not find something to give thanks for, if we only look for it."

Aunt Barbara was no. a Quaker, but she was of austere lineage, and had an inherited dislike for "fancy names;" she always called the whole of her beautiful, stately name, from her aunt.

Willow Grove was the family homestead, and year after year the scattered members of the Henderson clan had gathered, at the Thanksgiving season, in the handsome, old-fashioned mansion. But as the years went by, the group had increased in the family burial-ground under the willows, until more names written on the gleaming tombstones than were responded to at the hospitable board; and Miss Barbara was left sole mistress of the old gray stone house among the willows.

Lizzie Henderson was paying her aunt a long visit, prior to the young girl's marriage in the spring, and was enjoying her visit, too.

"For," she declared, "Aunt Barbara is just the sweetest old maid in the world, and where the men of her time kept their eyes wide open, I don't see, that such a woman should have been left in single blessedness."

Ah, light-hearted Lizzie, glad in your youth and happy love, Aunt Barbara's beauty and grace won her more suitors than you imagine; and little do you think that the treasures of beautiful lace Auntie has lately bestowed upon you are relics of her own bridal trousseau, prepared with a heart as gay and hopes as high as your own to-day. And away beyond the sea is a missionary's grave, where Aunt Barbara's love was laid to sleep long years ago, where he fell, toiling in Indian jungles for the Master.

When "the song went out of her life," Barbara Henderson's sweet, strong nature, while at first bending low to the storm which swept over her heart, did not grow warped and bitter in the lonely life which now lay before her. "I had hoped to have done good, not only in all the days of my life," she said, "so now I will not shut my life evil and sad to those about me. I will be thankful for what God has left me, as I shall always be thankful for the noble heart he gave me."

So Barbara Henderson's life became a psalm of thanksgiving, which even those nearest her failed to understand, when they simply considered her a lonely old maid; but Aunt Barbara stayed her heart upon the promises of her God, and in everything gave thanks.

"Elizabeth," said Aunt Barbara, after a pause, in which the bright needles had gone stealthy in and out, and Lizzie had calmed somewhat her disappointment by vigorously plucking all the withered leaves she could find on the window plants, "we must find guests for our Thanksgiving dinner, now that our dear ones have failed to come."

"Indeed we must," said Lizzie; "it's a sheer waste, to say nothing of the serious consequences which might ensue, for two lone women to sit down to such a feast of fat things as you and Aunt Phillis have prepared. Why, we should be the high-ways and hedges and compel them to come in!"

"Elizabeth!" said her aunt, mildly, not reprovingly.

"Yes, auntie," said Lizzie, meekly, "it's a bad habit of mine quoting scripture light-ly. But that is what you mean in a figure."

"Well, dear, perhaps so. But can you think of any one you would like to ask from the city—some one who cannot recompense again?"

"Pray in that case," laughed Lizzie; "for who can ever give such dinners as Aunt Barby spreads on Thanksgiving day —with such damask, and silver, and glass, and china, to pass by the viands altogether? Whoever you invite, auntie, you need hope for nothing in the same line again."

"Now, Elizabeth," said Aunt Barbara, but she had to smile, too; "I will ask Selina Peters; we were girls together; but, poor thing, she's had a hard life, nursing her invalid father for years, until her youth and health were gone. And I doubt if she'll be too welcome Lizzie Judah's."

"Miss Selina!" murmured Lizzie to herself; "we hardly need vinegar pickles on the table—only auntie's sweetness can act as an antidote to Miss Peters' acidity. Then aloud—"Auntie, I have just thought of an old schoolmate of mine—a governess in Mrs. Hughes' family—Saldie Walters. She is quite alone in the world, and a very sweet, loving little thing; suppose we ask her? It will be a change for her to run into the country, even at this time of the year."

"Yes, poor thing!" responded Aunt Barbara heartily; "and Lizzie, would she feel hurt, do you think, if I pay her fare down? Tell her I'm an old woman and she must accept it from me. And there's the young teacher at the academy. What's his name? Sinton? He's a stranger here. And while one can be as thankful in a boarding house as anywhere else, it isn't very homelike generally. We'll ask him."

"As for that, our new minister is a stranger, too; and I judge not over well fed, for that old housekeeper at the manse looks as if her general diet was on bitter herbs, and I expect she dispenses them also to that hapless Levite."

"Oh, Elizabeth! Mrs. Crum is a very worthy woman, though Phillips *did* tell me she saw very heavy bread on the breakfast table one morning I sent her over there. Yes, we'll invite Mr. Elton certainly. Now write to Miss Walters, and send the other invitations, dear."

Lizzie nearly forgot her disappointment in her zealous and busy preparations for her guest. The prettiest toilet mats were put out; the choicest washstand napery conveniently and tastefully disposed; one or two new books and magazines to brighten Saldie's scholarly eye, must be laid on the little table; and when the soft, white curtains, just held back by scarlet ribbons were adjusted, and the tender autumnal sunlight fell in bars across the red and gray carpet, just shimmering on a vase of late white roses and red and yellow chrysanthemums, the guest chamber was a model of comfort and beauty.

"It's enough to make one thankful just to be in such a room!" exclaimed Saldie when Lizzie escorted her up stairs. "And what a picture of peace and loveliness that dear Miss Henderson is, just the dear old lady one reads about but so rarely sees."

"Yes," assented Lizzie, "one might go a long way, indeed, before meeting such another as my Aunt Barbara."

That Thanksgiving day was one of those lovely days which steal down to us in the late autumn, full of bland, summer like warmth and sunshine. And Saldie and Lizzie wandered in the woods and along the river banks; the wild flowers were gone, but sturdy, green mosses and delicate ferns hid in the clefts of the rocks, and long sprays of scarlet and gold vine leaves hung from bare branches.

"What a rest this quiet, beautiful spot is," said Saldie, baring her head to the soft wind. "Oh, Lizzie, I was so lonely when your dear letter came, I felt as if even God had forgotten me. It was so kind of you and Miss Henderson to remember me."

"Well, dear, as auntie would say, I am thankful I wrote, and thankful you have come. And now it is high time we should be turning towards home."

To some it might have appeared a rather ill-assorted party that Aunt Barbara had brought together, but for all, the group gathered at the ample table, in the great dining-room, seemed very well content. Miss Selina's severe face relaxed, and she even smiled faintly at some of Mr. Sinton's witticisms; and that young man quite won Aunt Barbara's heart, by the way he handed her into dinner, and the skill with which he carved the turkey. Mr. Elton was exceedingly agreeable, and devoted himself to Lizzie wickedly averred—"alike impartially to the ladies and other creature's comforts." And, Lizzie herself was as merry as possible, while Saldie's sweet face beamed with content, and Miss Barbara smiled over all—though her memory would go back to other, past Thanksgiving days.

And when the dinner was finished, and the three ladies gathered in the bright parlor, Lizzie sang soft, old-time songs—while Saldie was content to sit before the cheerful fire and watch Aunt Barbara.

"Sarah, my dear," said Aunt Barbara, taking off her glasses, and wiping them slowly. "I've been thinking if you would care to live with a dull old woman, in a dull old house."

"Now I protest against such slander," cried Lizzie.

"And so do I," echoed Saldie.

"Well, well, dears, but old folks will be dull in spite of your protesting, still, if when your term ends, you would care to come to me—you will be very welcome. Elizabeth is spoken for, and must soon leave me," which was Aunt Barbara's old-fashioned way of announcing an engagement.

Saldie jumped up and kissed Aunt Barbara, and their compact was sealed.

"But after all," said Miss Lizzie Bernard, not two years later, "you didn't keep Saldie long, auntie; and from the way Mr. Elton smiles, and the cozy look the manse has now, I think the minister got the Benjamin's portion on that Thanksgiving day."

"I am thankful we were the means of bringing those dear young people together," said Aunt Barbara.

A Thanksgiving Dinner that Flew Away.

"Aunt, what makes you keep that gander year after year?" said I, one evening, as we were sitting on the lawn before the door. "In fact, you seem to be a kind of a watch-dog, and keeps troublesome people away?"

"No, child, no; I do not wish to keep most people away, nor evil-behaved people, nor to distress nor annoy anyone. The fact is, there is a story about that gander that I do not like to speak of to every one—something that makes me feel tender toward him; so that I would be a wicked, wiping, I would rather do it. He knows something that no one else knows. You have heard me speak of Nathaniel, my oldest boy?"

"Yes."

"That is his picture in my room, you know. I loved Nathaniel—you cannot think how much I loved Nathaniel. It was on my account that he went away."

"The farm did not produce enough for us all. One year—that was ten years ago—we were sued for taxes.

"Nathaniel," said I, "I will take boarders."

Then he looked up to me and said (Oh, how noble and handsome he appeared to me):

"Mother, I will go to sea."

"Where?" said I, in surprise.

"In a coaster."

"You and John can manage the place," he continued. "One of the vessels sails next week—Uncle Aaron's; he offers to take me."

It seemed best, and he made preparations to go.

The spring before, Skipper Ben—you have met Skipper Ben—had given me some goose eggs; he had brought them from Canada, and said that they were wild-goose eggs.

I set them under hens. In four weeks I had three goslings, and one of those goslings is that gander.

Skipper Ben came over to see me the day before Nathaniel was to sail. Aaron came with him.

I said to Aaron:

"What can I give to Nathaniel to carry to sea with him to make him think of home? Cake, preserves, apples? I have't got much; I have done all I can for him, poor boy."

Brother looked at me curiously, and said:

"Give him one of those wild geese, and we will fatten it on shipboard and will have it for our Thanksgiving dinner."

What brother Aaron said pleased me. The young gander was a noble bird, the handsomest of the lot; and I resolved to keep the geese to kill for my own use and to give him to Nathaniel.

The next morning—it was late in September—I took leave of Nathaniel. I tried to be calm and cheerful and hopeful. I watched him as he went down the wall with the gander struggling under his arms. A stranger would have laughed, but I did not feel like laughing; although the boys who were coasting were usually gone but a few months and came home hardy and happy.

I saw him go over the hill. On the top he stopped and held up the gander. He disappeared; yes, my own Nathaniel disappeared. I think of him now as one who disappeared.

November came—it was a terrible month on the coast that year. Storm followed storm; the sea claiming people taken constantly of wrecks and losses. I could not sleep on the nights of those high winds. I used to lie awake thinking over all the happy hours I had lived with Nathaniel. Thanksgiving week came.

It was full of an Indian summer brightness after the long storms. The nights were freezy, bright and calm.

I could sleep on those calm nights.

One morning I thought I heard a strange sound in the woodland pasture. It was like a wild geese. I listened; it was repeated. I was lying in bed. I started up—I thought I had been dreaming.

On the night before Thanksgiving I went to bed early, being very tired. The moon was full. The air was calm and still. I was thinking of Nathaniel, and I wondered if he would indeed have the gander for his Thanksgiving dinner; if it would be cooked as my self would have cooked it, and if he would think of me that day.

I was just going to sleep, when suddenly I heard a sound that made me start up and hold my breath.

"Honk!"

I thought it was a dream followed by a nervous shock.

"Honk! honk!"

There it was again in the yard. I was surely awake and in my senses.

I heard the geese cackle.

"Honk! honk! honk!"

I got out of bed and lifted the curtain. It was almost as light as day. Instead of two geese, were three. Had one of the neighbor's geese stolen away?

I should have thought so, and should not have felt disturbed, but for the reason that none of the neighbors' geese had that peculiar call—that horalike tone that I had noticed in mine.

I went out at the door.

The third goose looked like the very gander I had given Nathaniel. Could it be?

I did not sleep. I rose early and went to the coin for some corn.

It was a gander—a "wild" ganger—that had come in the night. He seemed to know me.

I trembled all over as though I had seen a ghost. I was so faint that I sat down on the meal-chest.

As I was in that place, a bill pecked against the door. The door opened. The strange gander came hobbling over the crib-stone and went to the corn-bin. He stopped there, looked at me, and gave a sort of glad "honk," as though he knew me and was glad to see me.

I was certain that he was the gander I had raised, and that Nathaniel had lifted into the air when he gave me his last recognition from the top of the hill.

It overcame me. It was Thanksgiving. The church bell would soon be ringing as on Sunday. And here was Nathaniel's Thanksgiving dinner; and brother Aaron's —had it flown away? Where was the vessel?

Years have passed—ten. You know I waited and waited for my boy to come back. December grew dark with its rainy seas; the snows fell; May lighted up the hills, but the vessel never came back. Nathaniel—my Nathaniel—never returned.

That gander knows something he could tell me if he could talk. Birds have mem-ories. He remembered the corn-crib—he remembered something else. I wish he could talk, poor bird! I wish he could talk. I will never sell him, nor kill him, nor have him abused. He knows!

Choice Miscellany.

For the Maine Farmer.

Colonel John S. Mosby.

The *Farmer* has cheered our fireside for many a year, and the whole family look for the paper with much pleasure. What shall I write about for its pages? I have seen it announced that the ex-Confederate soldier, called the Guerilla, will address the people of New England this winter, and I trust he will come to Augusta. Let me see. It is about five years since I made his acquaintance as United States Consul at Hong Kong, an English port on the coast of China. I went there with the prejudice against him common to my countrymen, and it was hard for me to get over the idea that his hands had been stained with the blood of those who fought for the North. But I soon learned that he fought for a cause, as dear to him as ours was to us, and that in doing so, he threw his whole energy into what he thought to be the right. At last he was beaten, or the South was, and then forgiven by Act of Congress. From that moment he has defended the victorious government, especially New England, with the same vigor he used in trying to defeat the same.

Our shipping interests have never had such a defender as this same rebel. Our laws were never so faithfully vindicated as by this same guerilla. He came with actual 5 feet and 9 inches height, hair and beard steel gray, with a lithe, sinewy figure, and as fine a face as ever I looked upon. He is a widower with at least four children. All grown up, and the loving care I need never knew, and I know whereof I speak.

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THE KENNEBECKER.

For the Maine Farmer.

A Dreadful Disappointment.

We live in Briggaville village. It is quite a place, with two stores, a meeting house, and nigh on to considerable menny residences. Marm is a fine woman, fifty-eight years old, and I am her orfin daughter. We live in a square, white house, with a yaller front door, own ten acres of land, keep a cow, hog, and sum hens. Marm is a nice looking woman, and her new bunnet has got a white feather on it.

I don't mind telling you, in strict confidence, that I am nigh on to twenty nine. Now I think old maids are a very worthy class, but I will briefly explain why I think it is my duty to marry. Marm and I are two unprotected females. We can not both go away at one time, for fear sumbuddy might burgle the house. When we go to bed we take the gun up stairs, and move the buro against the bedroom door.

Do you wonder that we are a leetle nervous? Just think how menny murders and burgleries are being committed right along. It's dangerous for us to live alone, as sure as my name is Samantha Simpkins. Marm sez she does not care to marry again, so I am willing to sacrifice myself.

In the spring we hire a boy to plant the garden and split stove wood, but the balance of the year we are alone, and it makes my blood run cold to set down and read the nuzepapers.

Well, for quite a while Mr. Adam Coolmore has been in the habit of dropping in to see us, and after a spell he got to coming regular every Saturday evening. He is a man about sixty years old, but looks ten years younger. His first wife died a number of years ago, sense which time he has lived unmarried. He has one orfin daughter about twelve years old, and her name is Jennie.

Last Saturday night we did the chores early. Marm milked the cow, and I fed the hog and carried in the wood and water; then I went up stairs, painted my cheeks, took my crimpe down, and put on a blew cashmear wrapper with a long train to it yet. I looked very nice when I went down to the parlor. Marm was out in the dining room, so I took up a nuzepaper and inclined in elegant repose, to see what I could find about weddings.

Pretty quick I heerd Mr. Coolmore's knock at the front door. I hurried to the glass once more to see how I looked, went out and opened the door and sez I:

"How do you do, Mr. Coolmore? Lovely evening, isn't it? Come in and set down."

But how can I, tell you what happened then? Just as I stepped into the parlor one of my small feet caught in my new yarn rug, and, losing my balence, I fell flat on the floor. Mr. Coolmore assisted me to rise, and inquired if I was hurt.

"Not in the least. Accidents will happen in the best families," sez I, at which he smiled broadly.

"Is your ma at home?" was his next remark.

"She is in the dining-room. Do you wish to see her?"

"Not just yet. I want to talk with you a few minits first."

I bowed and smiled, and said that I should be much pleased to listen to whatever he had to say.

"I am a lonely man, Miss Samantha," he commenced. I bowed agin and smiled my sweetest smile.

"And my girl needs a mother. I hev been coming here quite often of late, but with out no object. I am naturally diffident, and hev hesitated about coming to the point, but you must hev guessed why I came so frequently."

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THE KENNEBECKER.

Young Folks' Column.

The School Boy.

We bought him a box for his books and things,
And a cricket bag for his bat;
And he looked the brightest and best of kings
Under his new straw hat.

We handed him into the railway train
With a troop of his young companeers,
And we made as though it were dust and rain
Were filling our eyes with tears.

We looked in his innocent face to see
The sign of a sorrowful heart;
But he only shouldered his bat with glee
And wondered when they would start.

'Twas not that he loved not as heretofore,
For the boy was tender and kind;
But his was a world that was all before,
And our's was a world behind.

'Twas not his fluttering heart was cold,
For the child was loyal and true;
And the parents love the love that is old,
And the children the love that is new.

And we came to know that love is a flower
Which only groweth down;
And we scarcely spoke for the space of an hour
As we drove back through the town.

Dear little girls and boys that read and write for the children's column, I am a little boy six years old in December. I want to tell you about my home in Florida, it is so much different from yours in the North. I spent the summer in Litchfield, Maine, with my grandparents. I have both a dear grandfather and grandmother in Litchfield, and I love them so much, I also have some aunties and uncles and two little cousins; one's name is Alice Etta, and the other is Jesse Leroy, my grampy's name is William Wyman, and my pet auntie's is Clara. I used to get up in my grammy's lap every day and she would rock me and tell me stories. I would like so much to see them all, right now, but mamma says there are thousands of miles between us.

But now let me tell you about my home in Orlando. It is warm weather here all winter. I don't have to wear my coat, and lots of little boys go barefoot; I wish I could but papa says, no. Papa has a nice place here, it is on a corner, so the streets run on two sides of it, the cars are in sight going and coming all of the time. Beautiful flowers grow in the streets and I pick mamma a bouquet every day; oranges grow here, lots of them, they are getting ripe now so we can eat them. Mamma goes out and digs me some peanuts every day, and I bake them. I have seen alligators and rattlesnakes in cages here. There was a little girl got bit by a snake last week while going to school; Dr. Hicks says she will live he thinks. I must not forget to tell you that I go to Sabbath school every Sunday, I go to the Baptist because it is near by, only a few steps; I have six questions and a verse in the Bible to get, my teacher gives me a paper every Sunday. I have lots more to tell you, but mamma says I must not send any more this time, but can tell you some more by and by, so good-night. JODIE GOWELL.

Orlando, Florida.

I thought I would write a letter to the young folks' column; I am very much interested in reading the children's letters. My father takes your good paper now, we all like it very much. I have two brothers and no sisters; my youngest brother is two and one-half years old, he is very cunning and he knows so much, he understands everything that's said to him, he talks very fast. I am going to school now, and he teases to go too. My teacher's name is Miss Day, we like her very much. My little brother Willie, who is six years old, goes to school with me. For pets I have a kitty, two birds, and a doll, and a lot of chickens. I feed them every morning. I love to help my mother for she has a great deal to do. My grandmother is living with us, she is 62 years old; she knits and spins a great deal